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1873.—Twenty-Second Year.—1894.

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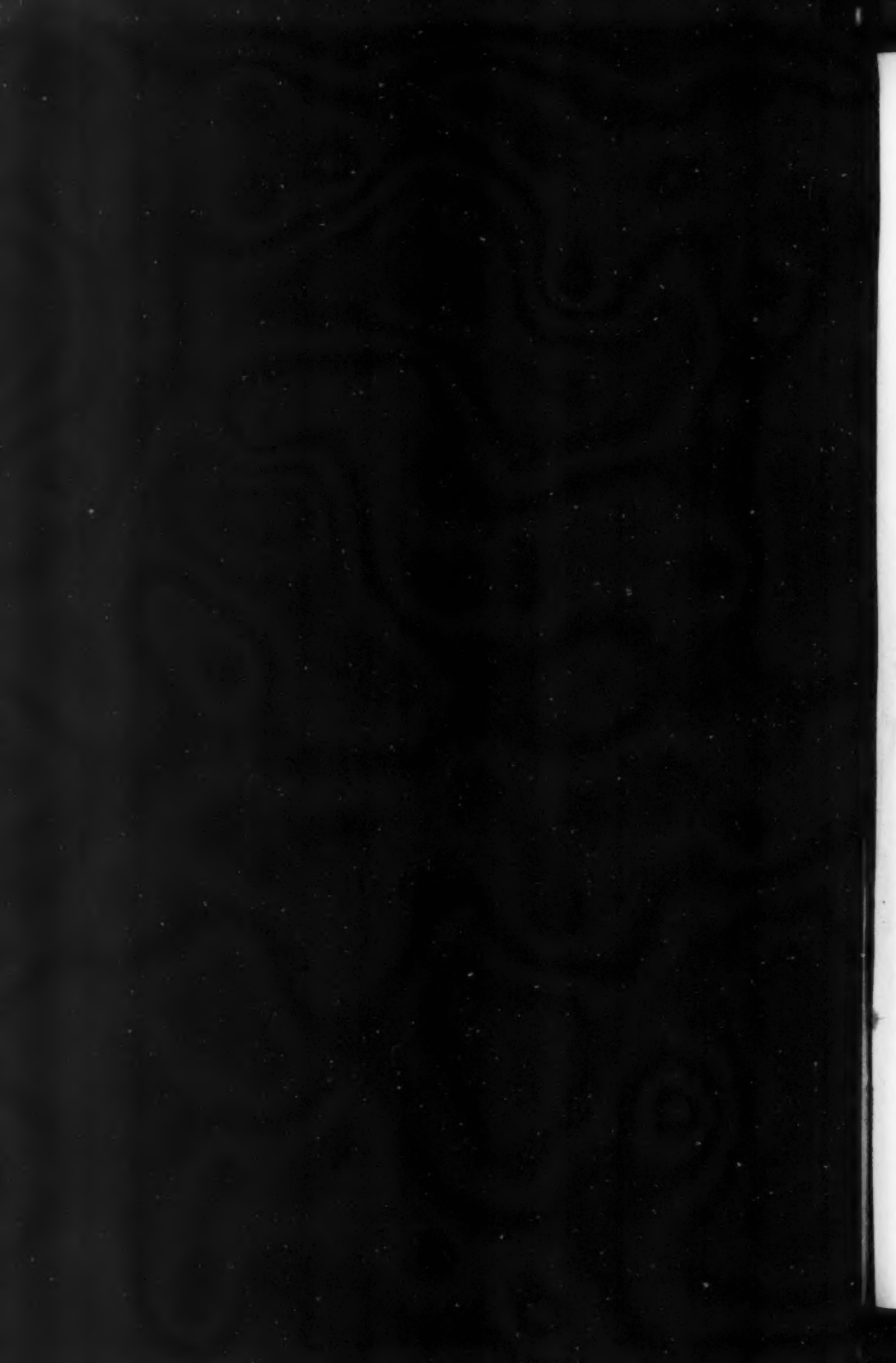
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THE SANITARIAN is published as hitherto, in New York. The American News Company, General Agents. Newsdealers will get their supplies from them.

✉ All correspondence and exchanges with the SANITARIAN, and all publications for review, should be addressed to the editor,—

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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,  
Volume III. }

No. 2619. — September 15, 1894.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CCII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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## KISMET.

O LOVE! must I wait (though the wild  
years are fleeting),  
To woo thee and win thee with riches  
alone?  
When we met in the springtime, ah!  
blythe was our greeting,  
For my heart rose to claim thee, and call  
thee my own.

Yet I spoke not, for how dare a poor suitor  
venture?  
While the throb of a heart is nor silver  
nor gold,  
And Cupid's new weapons are stock and  
debenture,  
And a government stamp warrants love  
is not cold.

Yet it seemed, when we met while the  
woodlands were sleeping,  
As though there were more in the world  
than its ways;  
And all else might go had I ever the keep-  
ing  
Of you—only you—till the last of our  
days.

Ah, well! I must hope, kindly eyes, wan-  
d'ring tresses!  
But the chord you have touched still  
must tremble in pain,  
While the lips that were silent my memory  
blesses,  
Till I meet you, and greet you, and clasp  
you again!  
Temple Bar. WILLIAM WOODWARD.

## IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

O DAYS of summer and sunshine, of roses  
white and red,  
Is it nothing to you that he, my one little  
boy, is dead?  
Your daisies are bright as of old—the  
daisies he'll gather no more—  
And the scent of the woodbine and jasmine  
comes in at the open door;  
But ah! he returneth never, but forever  
there must lie  
Under the green of the grass, under the  
blue of the sky.  
The Indian cress on the wall shoots daily  
higher and higher,  
And soon in the summer sun will shake  
out flowers of fire.

"It is growing bigger than me," he would  
say were he with us now,  
With his dark and wistful eyes, and his  
broad and open brow;  
But flowers will not stay for our weeping,  
and will blossom though he lie  
Under the green of the grass, under the  
blue of the sky.

He pass'd while the spring was bringing  
new life to wood and wold,  
Ere the snowdrop had come, or the crocus  
had lit its lamp of gold;  
He pass'd into death without knowing the  
mother that bore him, or me;  
We spoke—but in vain—he was travelling  
farther than we could see.  
O God! I had rather now that I, not he,  
should lie  
Under the green of the grass, under the  
blue of the sky.

But what do you know of it all? and what  
can we understand?  
And what would the universe be if you or  
I had it in hand?  
Be still! To our closets and weep, and  
think of the days and the hours  
We had in our darling's love—his love for  
us and for ours—  
And pray for a record as blameless when  
we sleep, you and I,  
Under the green of the grass, under the  
blue of the sky.

Good Words.

## AFTER THE TITANS.

ENGLAND, in good Victoria's latter reign,  
Two potent councillors by turns have led,  
Little alike in build of heart or head,  
Yet owning this resemblance,—that the  
twain  
Are visibly of Britain's ancient strain,  
Sprung of the lineage of her stalwart  
dead,  
Strong souls and massive, such as En-  
gland bred  
In the brave day that cometh not again.  
To these succeeds another, newer race,  
Men light and slight, on narrower scale  
designed,  
Offspring and image of the change we trace  
In arts, arms, action, manners, morals,  
mind,—  
The burly oak departing, in its place  
The lissom willow, swaying to the wind.  
Spectator. WILLIAM WATSON.

From The Edinburgh Review.

DEATH IN CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY.<sup>1</sup>

It is no paradox to say that the interest of ancient life culminates in death. Of all the ruins of the past, none bring us in such close contact with the ancients as the tombs. Here we meet them in the presence of the great problem which, amid all the changes of thousands of years, confronts us unchanged, as it did them, and we naturally ask: "What did they think of death?" The subject is a complex one. Contradictions meet us at every turn. Words and images have no more exactly the same meaning; many of the subtle influences brought to bear on life and thought in the distant past escape us. We are surrounded by a moral atmosphere from which we cannot divest ourselves, and are too often inclined to interpret the past from a modern point of view.

The tomb had for the Greeks and Romans a far greater significance than it has for us. Burial was to them all important, in the first place, because without it the shades or souls were supposed to wander about homeless, to their own discomfort and that of the living. This idea had its origin in the primitive belief that the tomb was the final resting-place of the soul as well as the body. If there was no tomb, the soul had no habitation; it was therefore essential that the body should be buried. But though in the course of time the idea prevailed that there was an underworld where the souls dwelt

together after death, the necessity of burial and funeral rites was still maintained; and it was now believed that the souls, without burial, could not be admitted into Hades, and hovered on the borderland between the living and the dead till this was accomplished. When in the twenty-third book of the *Iliad* the spirit of dead Patroclus appears to Achilles in a dream on the seashore, he says: "Thou sleepest and hast forgotten me, O Achilles. . . . Bury me with all speed, that I pass the gates of Hades. Far off the spirits banish me, the phantoms of men outworn, nor suffer me to mingle with them beyond the River, but vainly I wander along the wide gated dwelling of Hades." And in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, when Æneas visits the underworld and asks:—

What do the spirits desire? and why go some from the shore

Sadly away, while others are ferried the dark stream o'er?

The Sibyl answers:—

These are a multitude helpless, of spirits lacking a grave;

Charon the ferryman; yonder the buried, crossing the wave.

Over the awful banks and the hoarse voiced torrents of doom,

None may be taken before their bones find rest in a tomb.<sup>2</sup>

A cenotaph, or empty tomb, answered the purpose, and had to be erected when the body could not be found, so that at least the indispensable funeral rites might be performed. Sometimes the cenotaph represented a second tomb if the person was buried a long way off, in order that there might be a means of holding communion with him on the spot.

There is some reason for believing that we have a cenotaph in the tomb of Calventius Quietus at Pompeii, because, contrary to the custom of the time, it is hermetically closed. While in the ancient days of Mycenæ the tombs were walled up after burial, at this late Roman period (C. Quietus lived in Nero's reign) it was usual to

<sup>1</sup> 1. *Psyche: Seeleneult und Unsterblichkeitsglaube der Griechen*. Von Erwin Rohde. Freiburg i. B. und Leipzig: 1890, 1894.

2. *Die Nekyia des Polygnot*. Von Carl Robert. Halle: 1892.

3. *Thanatos*. Von Carl Robert. Berlin: 1879.

4. *Etude sur les Lécythes Blancs Attiques à Représentations Funéraires*. Par E. Pottier. Paris: 1883.

5. *La Religion Romaine d'Auguste aux Antonins*. Par Gaston Boissier. Paris: 1884.

6. *La Collection Sabouroff*. Introduction par A. Furtwängler. Berlin: 1883-1887.

7. *Terres cuites Grecques photographiées d'après les Originaux des Collections privées de France et des Musées d'Athènes*. Texte par A. Cartault. Paris: 1890.

8. *Nekyia: Beiträge zur Erklärung der neuentdeckten Petrusapokalypse*. Von Albrecht Dieterich. Leipzig: 1893.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Bowen's translation.

leave an ingress. Those who have visited Pompeii will remember this beautiful altar-shaped tomb, with its remarkable reliefs — (Œdipus standing before the Sphinx, pressing his finger to his forehead, trying to guess the riddle, while the Theban youths lie slain at his feet, and that solemn figure holding the torch horizontally, "with face averted," the consecrated attitude of the nearest relative, who, according to Roman custom, was the first to set fire to the funeral pile.

Besides securing a home for the soul, burial prevented its intruding on the living. Fear of the return of the ghosts of the dead gave rise to superstitions which in some parts of Europe have lingered to this day, such as the carrying of the dead body out of the house with the feet outwards. In Homer already we read that the body of dead Patroclus was lying in the tent of Achilles with the feet towards the door, and this was a general custom, both in Greece and Rome.

Rohde believes that the custom of burning the dead probably arose among the Indo-Aryans, not so much as a consequence of nomadic life as from a wish to effect more completely the separation between body and soul, and to banish the soul for good and all to the underworld. "Never more again shall I come back from Hades," says the spirit of Patroclus to Achilles, "when you have given me my due of fire." Some archæologists conclude that at the time of Homer the cult of the dead, which held such a large place in Greek life, had suffered an eclipse, as it nowhere appears in the epic poems that rites and ceremonies were performed at the grave subsequent to those which had taken place at the funeral pyre and burial of the ashes. A cult of the dead necessarily supposed that it was possible to communicate with them, and that they had the power to exercise an influence for good or for ill over the living. But in Homer the soul is powerless, and has no connection with the affairs of this world. There are, however, traces of a cult of the dead, such as the vows made by

Odysseus to the shades on descending into Hades to sacrifice to them on his return to Ithaca. Rohde believes these are but traditions, survivals of an ancient cult used for poetical purposes, and having no bearing on Homer's time, and he suggests that the Ionian emigration after the Dorian invasion — which involved leaving the tombs of the ancestors in the mother country — the continuous habit of burning the bodies, the tendency to form a less material and more abstract conception of the principle of human life, all contributed to weaken or obscure the belief in a mighty existence beyond the tomb.

Assuming that this was the case with the Ionians of Asia Minor, the argument of Rohde would only hold good if we conclude that the ideas about the dead in the Homeric poems reflect the Ionian civilization after the Dorian invasion; but this is debatable ground, and goes to the very root of the Homeric question. Moreover, we do not know how much the poet has taken from real life, or how much he has drawn upon his imagination, and it has been sufficiently shown how futile it is to argue that, because Homer is silent on any subject, he must necessarily have been ignorant of it, as if the epic poems were an archæological treatise.

According to Furtwängler, the reason that there is no mention of hero cult in Homer is that the poet describes the actual period when those who were afterwards worshipped as heroes were alive. Hero cult is first mentioned by Pindar, who was a native of Bœotia, where it received its earliest extension, as reliefs and inscriptions on the tombs have shown, but its origin is lost in antiquity. The Delphic Oracle increased the number of heroes and supported the cult of the dead, which received a further development from a heightened religious sense among the Greeks and the greater importance given to the Chthonian divinities.

In Homer the soul after death was not, as we have seen, the higher consciousness of man. It was but the semblance or shadow of the living man,

his image or eidolon, intangible yet recognizable. Hades was "a land desolate of joy" "beneath the secret places of the earth" which the sunlight never reached, "grim halls and vast and lothly to the gods," peopled by "the phantoms of men outworn," without strength and without sense, and ruled by an underworld couple, "mighty Hades and dread Persephone." The Homeric idea is that the mind could not exist without a physical foundation. The body and the Psyche combined produced the mind and intellect, and when they were cut asunder the mental faculties were dissolved, and could only be temporarily revived by applying the principle of life which was believed to reside in the blood. When the souls speak so intelligently to Odysseus in Hades, it is because they have momentarily recovered their senses through the drinking of the blood of the victims which he had been ordered to sacrifice. Like those waking from a trance, they now realize their position—they remember their state on earth, they regret the life they have lost, the tasks they have left unaccomplished. Their sorrows are revived, their injuries rankle afresh in their phantom breasts. "Not even in death," did Ajax, the son of Telamon, forget his wrath against Odysseus. He stands aloof "while the other spirits of the dead stood sorrowing and each one asked of those that were dear to him." Of Teiresias alone it is said that his "wits abide steadfast." "To him Persephone has given judgment even in death that he alone should have understanding." Rohde suggests that the consciousness that was given to him as a reward was given as a punishment to the criminals Tityos, Tantalus, and Sisyphus, who had offended the gods.<sup>1</sup>

The profound gloom of the Hades of Homer is reflected in the memorable words of Achilles: "Nay, speak not comfortably to me of death, great Odys-

seus, rather would I live above ground, the hireling of another with a landless man who had no great livelihood, than bear sway among all the dead that be departed." It is a relief to find a few scattered allusions in Homer showing that a better fate was reserved for a few; but those did not taste death. To Menelaus it is promised that he shall "dwell in the Elysian plain at the world's end, where is Rhadamanthus of the fair hair, where life is easiest for men. No snow is there, nor yet great storm, nor any rain, but always ocean sendeth forth the breeze of the shrill west to blow cool on men."

Cleitus, descended from Amphiarus the Seer, was snatched away bodily for his beauty's sake, to dwell with the immortals. So was Ganymede.

The Elysian plain was but another name for "the Isles of the Blest," of which we read in Hesiod and Pindar. In the far West, where Helios went down in his golden splendor and "bathed his immortal body and his tired horses" in Oceanus, the poet's imagination in ancient times sought the Isles of the Blest. Does not the poet even of our own day

Long to tread that golden path of rays,  
And think 'twould lead to some bright Isle  
of rest?

There was the garden of Phœbus, the garden of the Hesperides, the house of Hades low under the earth. In the course of time the Elysian fields became a part of Hades itself, where the souls of good men dwelt.

The tomb, besides giving the dead their last home, had the additional importance of being the means by which the living could communicate with them. Excavations have shown that the cult of the dead already existed in prehistoric times, and Aristotle says that the belief in their superior nature was of the highest antiquity. Even after the ideas about an underworld became current, it was but natural that the tomb should remain the place where the shades could be approached. What the altar was for the gods, the tomb was for the ancestors. Many

<sup>1</sup> Wilamowitz believes the lines 566-631 in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* to be an Orphic interpolation, but, as Mr. Lang says, if they are, "it is curious that the Orphicism is not more distinct and strenuous." The ancient critics already doubted the passage about Heracles, ll. 602-4.

tombs are, in fact, in the shape of an altar. It was there the dead were worshipped and invoked, it was there they gave their oracles; it was there the offerings, the food, and the libations were brought. At the tomb of Agamemnon, Orestes and Electra promise offerings and libations if he will hear them and lend them aid.

The ideas about the tomb and the underworld became blended. Lucian mocks at the anomaly, and asks if the libations filter down to Hades. The believer in hypnotism of the present day would easily explain it by his theory of the *dédoublement* or the *morcellement du moi*, but we need only remember how vague and confused our own ideas are about the state after death. What do we know of the laws of the spirit world, of its relations to space, and why should we expect more logic in the past than in the present? Most men do not reason about the creed they have inherited, and the cult of the dead was the very basis of ancient civilization. We banish our dead as much as possible from our daily lives; we bury them out of sight, and we shrink from all the associations of death. The death dance of the Middle Ages still rings in our ears, and the skull grins at us from the funeral car. The cult of the dead among the Greeks and Romans, on the contrary, necessitated a constant communication with the tombs. At its origin it was apotropaic, or evil averting, for side by side with the belief that the dead were superior beings there existed the notion, which is not confined to the Greek world nor to antiquity, that they were disposed to exercise a baneful influence. The dead body was considered impure, not, as we might think, from its being a prey to corruption, but because of its connection with Hecate and her swarm of spirits—souls of the unburied, souls of those who had died a violent or an untimely death, and who were condemned to wander over the earth. Hecate was present at births, marriages, and deaths, and for all these events lustrations were prescribed to avert demoniacal evil influ-

ences. Both in Greece and in Rome those who came near the dead body had to purify themselves. Such customs exist in many parts of the world. As Tylor says, they express "the transition from practical to symbolic cleansing"—they are not concerned with the removal of bodily impurity, nor with the symbolic cleansing of the heart, though the latter grew out of them. They are simply intended to avert the evil influences of the spirit world. The last day of the Dionysian festival of the Antestheria was the All Souls day of the Greeks, "an impure day" it was called. When the Chthonian Dionysus brought the first fruits of the earth in spring, the dead also were believed to return and visit the living. The temples were closed and covered with awnings, the doors of the houses were protected with evil-averting charms, such as hawthorn and pitch. The souls of the family were propitiated with offerings and libations. When the festival was over, the uncanny guests were driven away with the cry "Begone Keres,<sup>1</sup> the Antestheria are at an end." There was a similar festival in Rome, the Lemuria, at the end of which the souls were driven out in the same manner. Magic was also used to exorcise the souls or make them do the bidding of the living, especially in later times.

The apotropaic side of the cult was, however, overshadowed by a higher and nobler feeling. The belief that the dead man still required the necessities of life, and that the honors rendered to him contributed to his happiness in the nether world, made it a solemn duty to minister to him. So strong was this belief that in Greece and in Rome if a man had no son he adopted one in order that the family might not die out and the family worship cease. "Le grand intérêt de la vie humaine," says Fustel de Coulanges, "est de continuer la descendance pour continuer le culte." Sums of money were some-

<sup>1</sup> The ancient name for souls, "the primitive meaning of which," says Rohde, "Homer had already forgotten; not so the Attic popular tongue."



times left to public authorities so that some part of the cult at least might be continued in perpetuity.

At an early period the Greeks and Romans buried their dead in the towns—probably at first in the houses before the days of ceremonial purification; and when this was forbidden by law they buried them by the roadside, or in a place set apart, each family having their own grave, frequently with a grove and surrounding wall. In Rome the ceremonial of the tomb was sometimes kept up with the proceeds of the garden belonging to it, just as at Elche in Spain the Virgin is dressed and decorated from the proceeds of her palm gardens, *huertas de la Virgen*. As much skill and taste were bestowed on the funeral monuments as on the houses of the living. The representations on the tombs are free from all the gloomy associations with which the art of the Middle Ages surrounded death. In the Attic grave-reliefs the dead are usually represented, as in life, with their favorite surroundings. Among the earliest, which date from the beginning of the fifth century B.C., the greater number represent the dead singly in the costume and with the attributes that characterize his vocation in life; thus we see the armed warrior with his spear, the athlete with the discus or the strigil, the priest with the libation cup, the lady with her jewel-casket. In other reliefs subordinate figures are introduced, such as the slave or attendant presenting the jewel-casket to her mistress, or assisting her to put on her sandals, the nurse handing the baby to its mother, or sometimes a child playing with a pet bird or dog, or a doll. These monuments are all erected to one person, and the additional figures represented are, according to Furtwängler, merely attributes showing his or her position in life. Another series, where there is more than one principal figure, and which often represent two persons clasping hands, occur more frequently at a later date. There has been much discussion about the meaning of these reliefs, and the German and English archæologists

take a somewhat different view. Mr. Gardner and Miss Harrison call the family scenes parting scenes; the mother takes leave of her baby, and the clasp of the hand means the last farewell. Furtwängler rejects the idea, and maintains that all these figures represent the dead continuing in another world the life they led on earth. He also refutes the hypothesis that the clasp of the hand represents a meeting between the dead and the survivors, chiefly on the ground that the belief in the superior nature of the dead excluded any such familiarity. No survivors, according to him, appear on the reliefs, except in a few cases, when they are usually represented as worshippers in a diminutive size. The clasp of the hand means either a welcome to Hades or simply the expression of a constant affection that lives beyond the grave, like the reliefs of husband and wife so often seen on the Roman tombs of later date. We read in the poets that meetings in Hades were looked forward to, and they were accompanied by an embrace or a clasp of the hand. The meaning of many of the Attic reliefs is explained by prototypes chiefly from the Peloponnesus. Here the cult of the dead had received its greatest development under the Dorians. A number of Spartan reliefs show the deceased seated on thrones, as heroized ancestors in Hades raised to the rank of infernal deities, with the attributes of the latter, such as the cantharus and the pomegranate, and receiving offerings from worshippers who are represented in a much smaller size. Furtwängler describes an archaic sepulchral relief from Ægina, of the sixth century, where the deceased is represented seated on a throne as an underworld goddess, holding the pomegranate in one hand and stretching out the other to clasp the hand of a second figure, and he believes this to be the prototype of all subsequent reliefs with the clasped hands, and to explain sufficiently that the scene takes place in the underworld. In few of the Attic reliefs of the best period is there any allusion to death. The men are repre-

sented in their full vigor, the women in all their youth and beauty. There is nothing to remind us of decrepitude or decay. The serene and confident expression of the faces seems to exclude all "sadness of farewell," and herein lies their very pathos. The simple expression of these human affections on the tombs is more eloquent than all the symbols of death. Miss Harrison ascribes the "inhuman calm" of the faces to the fact that the sculptors inherited the hieratic tradition, and that the men and women are derived from types that were originally gods and goddesses. At a later period we find allusions to mourning in the sorrowful look of the subordinate figures in the background, the parent or slave; but it seldom appears in the principal personages. The reliefs representing a man seated on a rock in a mournful attitude, with the sea below and frequently a boat, are believed by most archaeologists to allude to death by shipwreck. Usener, however, connects them with the legends of the promontory of Leucas. A great many personages threw themselves from this rock into the sea, and "the leap from Leucas" had become an expression synonymous with dying. The White Rock was on the road to Hades. Hermes led the souls of the woovers "past the streams of Oceanus and the White Rock."

A whole series of reliefs have been found representing banquet scenes. A man is reclining on a couch, the wife sitting by a table spread before them. Furtwängler thinks these originated among the Ionians of Asia Minor, who were the first Greeks to adopt the Oriental custom of reclining at meals; and both German and English archaeologists agree in believing that they represent the dead in Hades, and that the food and drink probably refer to the offerings brought to the grave. Most of these representations, however, are votive offerings found in the temples of Chthonian divinities and in tombs, and only a few are on the best Attic stelæ. They were imported at an early period into Etruria, and became com-

mon as grave-reliefs in Hellenistic and in Roman times. The dead on horseback, or leading his horse, was also an early type of votive relief, which at this latter period appears frequently on funeral monuments, chiefly in Boeotia.

It may be said of all these reliefs that they can be traced by a process of evolution from a distinct hieratic type to one of every-day life. Animals like the dog and the horse, which on the archaic reliefs figure in their symbolical character of attributes of underworld deities, appear at a later period simply as domestic animals. Men and women are no longer represented as gods and goddesses with divine attributes, but as human beings pursuing in another world the life they led on earth. This tendency in art did not in any way diminish the reverence in which the dead were held. Though in ancient Mycenæ the reliefs represent the deceased, as in life, engaged in hunting or war, excavations have shown that a very earnest cult of the dead went on at the same time.

Scenes from mythology, which abound on the later Roman sarcophagi, are rarely found on Greek tombs. The meeting of Orpheus and Eurydice attended by Hermes, of which there are three replicas, is an exception of great beauty. It probably goes back to an original of the Pheidias period. The Siren mourning over the dead is frequently seen, and we must linger for a moment over this fascinating and mysterious figure. There are innumerable traditions about the Sirens, but their origin has never been satisfactorily explained. The most varied parentage and functions have been ascribed to them. Born of a Muse and a river-god, according to one tradition, they were daughters of Gaia in their Chthonian aspect; they have been associated with the spell of the noontide, with the hetære and the vampire—with the highest poetic genius and with the harmonies of the spheres. They were closely connected with the Muses; but while the Muses were the benefactors of mankind, the Sirens were spirits of evil. In Homer there

were two. In ancient art they numbered three, and their form was that of a bird with the head and sometimes the arms of a woman. In modern art they became sea nymphs or mermaids, and consequently dropped their feathers and acquired the fishes' tails<sup>1</sup>—a retrogressive step from the evolutionist point of view, but a gain to art; for even the Greeks, who excelled in harmonizing incongruities, never made the bird-woman look anything but rather ungainly. The Sirens were the playmates of Persephone before she was ravished, and, according to Ovid, they got their wings to search for her over the seas. They were associated with her in the underworld and were invoked as dirge-singers. The Homeric tradition "of the voice sweet as the honeycomb" prevailed in later times over the destructive side of their character. They appear as symbols over the graves of poets or orators, or simply as mourners over tombs, though probably they were intended originally as evil averters, in order to protect the tombs from evil demons like themselves.

Lessing truly said the ancients did not represent death as a skeleton. There are a few exceptions, but these only occur at a late period. Such a representation would, indeed, have been completely at variance with the idealistic spirit of Greek art, which ever preferred the suggestion to the reality, and would, as Gervinus says, sooner see the passions in the masks than in the faces of the actors. Though its terrible aspect was not ignored by Greek tragedy, death was surrounded in art with a halo of beauty and of peace. Both in poetry and in art death and sleep, Thanatos and Hypnos, were brothers. Hesiod calls them the children of night, and on the chest of Cypselos there was a representation of night as a woman holding in each arm a child, the one white, the other black,

<sup>1</sup> It is uncertain when the metamorphosis of the Sirens took place. Miss Harrison, in her "Myths of the Odyssey," mentions a terra-cotta Roman lamp at Canterbury on which there is a representation of Odysseus in his ship passing a Siren with a fish's tail; but its antiquity is doubtful.

death and sleep. The Homeric story of Sarpedon, killed in battle and wafted by order of Zeus to the land of Lycia by the twin brethren sleep and death, gave rise to a series of representations of Thanatos. The scene is depicted on several vases, and Carl Robert, in his study on Thanatos, traces its artistic development through the various stages. The oldest phase is that which is represented on a black figured amphora in the Louvre, where the body of Sarpedon is carried by Hypnos and Thanatos, represented as two youths in armor. The next stage may be seen on a red figured cylix by Pamphaios in the British Museum, though the vase itself may be of an earlier date than the preceding one. Hypnos and Thanatos, likewise in armor, are in the act of depositing the body. This scene received a further development on an early, red figured crater found at Caere, and now in the Louvre. The two brothers are no longer in armor, and one of them kneels in order to lay down the body more gently. Over his head is written Hypnos, so that there can be no doubt that the other is Thanatos, and this identifies the two on all similar representations. The deposition of the body is found repeatedly on the white lekythoi;<sup>2</sup> but here the scene is transferred from mythology to daily life. It is no longer the mythical person of Sarpedon, it is the dead himself, buried in the tomb where the vase is found, who is represented as being gently laid to rest by the two winged brothers Thanatos and Hypnos.

This application to real life brought with it a more sympathetic and human treatment of the subject. Its sepulchral character, though more apparent, was so transfigured by art that the dead seem as if in a peaceful sleep, and the body, which is usually young, like the later portraits of the Fayoum, remains flexible in the hands of Thanatos and Hypnos. Thanatos is now frequently represented as the elder of the two,

<sup>2</sup> These vases had a distinct funereal purpose; they held the perfumes, and were placed near the dead and afterwards in the grave. They are the only vases mentioned in Greek literature.

and both of them as benign divinities : —

The beauty of their features [says Pottier] their thoughtful and meditative physiognomy, their slow movements, the aspect of the dead asleep, all give the picture a melancholy serenity, which reaches its most powerful expression in one of the Lekythoi of the Varvakeion and in the Berlin vase. Such was the profoundly religious and artistic conception of the Greeks : to render death kindly towards men ; to give it the form of winged visions which, at the hour marked by destiny, lulled the body to its last sleep, and deposited it carefully near the tomb.

On these lekythoi we find representations of the popular conception of the soul after death. Over the dead person, who lies surrounded by mourners, or over the tomb there frequently hovers a little naked, black, diminutive figure with wings. This represents the eidolon, the image of the soul. On vases of an earlier period these eidola had a distinct individuality ; thus on the black figured, so-called Canino vase, which has a representation of the vengeance of Achilles on the body of Hector, a little armed warrior is seen hovering above the scene, and over him is inscribed the name of Patroclus, according to that invaluable habit of the Greek vase-painters which seems specially intended for the instruction of posterity. The eidolon of Patroclus, sometimes with wings, sometimes without, occurs several times in representations of the same kind, and it is chiefly this which has enabled us to recognize as souls corresponding figures in other representations. The life was believed to pass out of the mouth with the last breath. "To bring back man's life, neither harring nor earning availeth," says Homer, "when once it has passed the barrier of his teeth." The word *Psyche* is used here, as in other passages in Homer, for life. It was not in accordance with the spirit of Greek art to represent the actual moment of death, as in mediæval Christian art, in which the souls, as little fat children, are seen passing out of the mouths of the saints. But on a black figured

amphora at Naples, where the entombment of Memnon is depicted, after the manner of that of Sarpedon, the eidolon is seen flying upwards, as if it had just left the body of the dead. In later Roman art we find the same idea on a marble bas-relief ; but here the butterfly, the symbol of the immortal soul which had grown out of the Platonic conception, has taken the place of the eidolon.

The eidola on the lekythoi have given rise to much discussion. If a single eidolon had always been represented hovering over the tomb or the body the question would have been comparatively simple. It would be natural to suppose that it was the soul lingering near the unburied body, and present at the tomb to receive the offerings ; and this is probably what the vase-painters originally intended to represent. It is more difficult to explain why several eidola should be found over the same tomb and the same dead body, and various theories have been started to account for them. The latest is Kern's. He believes that the cultus of the dead at Athens was strongly influenced by Orphic ideas, and he identifies the eidola with the impure souls, described by Plato, who prowl about tombs and sepulchres — souls full of evil passions, who only cared for the world of sense, and craved to be reunited to the body. But why, it may be asked, should the Greeks, who represented on their stelæ nothing but what was beautiful, serene, and pleasing to the living, select to represent on these vases wicked souls hovering over the tombs of those whom they wished to honor ? Plato expressly says that from those souls "every one flees and turns away." The suggestion of Pottier that the vase-painter, forgetting in the course of time the original meaning, confused the eidolon with Eros, and that this accounts for the number, is not satisfactory, because the type of the eidolon is entirely distinct from that of Eros. It seems more probable that the artist may have represented several eidola over a tomb, because more than one

person was buried there, or that in each case Panopka's theory of the *caprice du pinceau* may be the right solution. In the Greek world both earth and air were full of invisible beings. The earth was peopled with nymphs and fauns, personifications of all sorts, and the air was full of souls that could not find rest in the tomb; not necessarily wicked souls, but unburied souls, the souls of those who had found a violent or a premature death. What is more natural than that the painter, imbued with these popular ideas, should have filled up the space, as was his wont, with whatever harmonized most with his subject without giving any thought to the character of these eidola? Sometimes he represents them sharing the grief of the bystanders. Thus on a representation of the *prothesis* (the laying out of the body) on a lekythos at Vienna the dead woman is fanned from the flies by one of the mourners, and three eidola hover above, making the same gestures of mourning as those that stand around.

As the Homeric religion pervades the golden age of Greek art, so we find traces of the influence of philosophy in a subsequent period, especially in the ideas about death. Plato had conceived the soul as the divine spiritual essence of which the body is but the prison, and which only finds its full development when delivered from the deceit of the senses. The abstract conception of the Psyche now appears in art as a lovely girl with the wings of a bird or of a butterfly, or simply as a butterfly. Thanatos makes way for Eros, who, with the inverted torch, becomes the symbol of death. The increasing influence of the cults of Dionysus and Aphrodite, with their pronounced Chthonian character, the strong development of the individualistic and emotional side of life, the creation of new art types giving expression to this tendency by the school of Praxiteles and Scopas — all contributed to the transition. On the base of the column from Ephesus in the British Museum, where the story of Alcestris is believed to be represented, we find a

beautiful winged youth girded with a sheathed sword. Carl Robert believes him to be Thanatos. Furtwängler calls him Eros. Here we see how closely akin the two types were at this period, and this gives the key to their becoming ultimately blended.

The relations of love and the soul, as described by Plato, probably inspired the various poetical and graceful representations of Eros and Psyche. In Greek art, however, these did not seem to allude to a future life, as they subsequently did in Roman art. Eros with the flaming torch symbolized in Hellenistic art all the joys of life, and it was but a natural sequence to represent him when life was over, mournful and weary, with the torch inverted and extinguished. Among the terracotta statuettes of the tombs of Cyrene and Myrina we find this sepulchral Eros which became such a familiar figure on the Roman tombs. On a late Roman relief Thanatos still appears — an old man in the attitude of Eros — in connection with Charon; but this is an isolated case. The part of Thanatos is played out. In the Homeric scheme, where joy and happiness end with this earthly existence, Thanatos gently lays the dead to rest; but he can go no farther. Under the new dispensation of the philosophy of eternal ideas Eros guides the immortal soul into the mysteries of a higher life. On a sarcophagus at Arles of late Roman art Eros leads Psyche; her finger is on her lips, which means the mystery of initiation. Another Eros likewise has his finger on his lips: "To die was to be initiated into the greater mysteries."

The development of the ideas about Hades may be traced in the description which Pausanias has left us of the paintings of Polygnotus in the Lesche at Delphi; it shows the changes that had come over the popular religious beliefs between Homer's time and the fifth century when Polygnotus painted; for, though he represented the descent of Odysseus into Hades according to Homer, the conception of Hades itself was entirely different. In the first place, a number of figures and details



were introduced which are not mentioned in the *Odyssey*, while others were left out. This is partly due to political motives by which Polygnotus, like Dante, was influenced in the selection of his personages, and partly because, as Pausanias says, he borrowed from the lost epics. Thus Polygnotus, according to C. Robert, the latest expounder of the *Nekyia*, excluded the Theban heroines because at the time he was painting the *Lesche*, Delphi was in the possession of the Phocians, who were at enmity with the Thebans, Megara alone being excepted as the wife of Heracles, and especially as the Eponyme of the town of Megara. He gives a prominent place to Schedius, who led the Phocians against Troy, and he accentuates his character as a local hero by crowning him with the *agrostis*, a grass that grew abundantly on the neighboring Parnassus. He is also bound to emphasize the fact that the *Lesche* had been built by the Cnidians as a votive offering to Apollo, and, as the Cnidians claimed Cretan origin and an early connection with the worship of Apollo by identifying themselves with the Cretan priests of the Homeric hymn, whom Apollo chose to guard his temple at Delphi, he introduced the charming group of the daughters of Pandareus of Cretan descent. It will be remembered that these fair beings were endowed with every gift the goddesses had to bestow, and that, while Aphrodite went to Olympus to pray that happy marriages might be accomplished for the maidens, they were snatched away by the Harpies or storm-winds — that is, by sudden death. Such a theme well suited the painter of the *ethos*, and he represents them in Hades crowned with flowers and playing at knuckle-bones, the favorite amusement of Greek girls, having escaped the cares from which even heaven-made marriages are not altogether free. Jaseus, the son of Triopas, founder of Cnidus and of the Triopian Temple to Apollo, represented the link between the Apollo of Triopium and the Delphic god, and he and Phocus symbolized in the painting the

foundation of the *Lesche* in the same way as we see the "founders" represented in the old Italian and German votive pictures.

Leaving now these local details, we come to the more general conception of Hades by Polygnotus. The shades are no longer the phantoms described by Homer. They pursue their favorite occupations in a very human way: Actæon is seated with his mother on a deerskin, holding a fawn and accompanied by his hunting dog; Orpheus is playing the cithara; Promedon, who was passionately fond of music, sits close to him listening; Marsyas teaches the boy Olympus to play the flute (*avlo*); Palamedes and Thersites are playing at dice; the daughters of Pandareus at knuckle-bones. The punishments are no longer confined, as in Homer, to those great criminals who had directly offended the gods: the man who had ill-treated his father is strangled; Phædra, who hanged herself, is suspended by a rope, in accordance with that ancient principle of justice, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

The keynote to the conception of Hades by Polygnotus was the belief in the mysteries. Cleoboea, a maiden from Paros, had introduced them into his native land, Thasos, and he commemorates this by representing her seated in Charon's boat, holding on her knees the *cista*, sacred token of initiation. "*Schöne Künstlersignatur*," says Robert. Initiation into the mysteries had become to the Greek of the fifth century the essential condition of happiness in a future world. "Blessed among men upon the earth is he that has beheld these things," said the Homeric hymn to Demeter, which is believed to date from the seventh century; "but he that has no part nor share in our rites, never shall he have the like blessings beneath the mouldering shades when his day is done."

The punishment of the uninitiated was symbolized in the Hades of Polygnotus by their carrying water in leaky jars. This is explained by a passage in Plato's "*Republic*." Speaking of



the rewards and punishments in Hades, he says :—

Still grander are the gifts of heaven which Musæus and his son vouchsafe to the just ; they take them down into the world below, where they have the saints lying on couches at a feast, everlastingly drunk, crowned with garlands ; their idea seems to be that an immortality of drunkenness is the highest meed of virtue. Some extend their rewards yet further ; the posterity, as they say, of the faithful and just shall survive to the third and fourth generation. This is the style in which they praise justice. But about the wicked there is another strain ; they bury them in a slough in Hades, and make them carry water in a sieve.

The same thought is expounded in the "Gorgias," where the ignorant are called the uninitiated or leaky, and the place in their souls in which intemperate desires are seated is compared to a vessel full of holes, because it can never be satisfied. Of all the souls in Hades these uninitiated persons are the most miserable—"they pour water into a vessel which is full of holes out of a colander which is similarly perforated."

The ancients, says Goethe, rightly considered fruitless labor as the greatest of all torments, and the punishments which Tantalus, Sisyphus, the Danaids, and the uninitiated undergo in Hades bear witness to this. A life that is a failure is the worst of earthly lots, and the consciousness of the vanity of all human efforts to make the crooked straight has struck the mournfullest note that has come down to us from the distant past. Forever to labor in vain was the punishment of those who had neglected the source where all true satisfaction was to be found. The doom of the uninitiated was that

This anguish fleeting hence,  
Unmanacled from bonds of sense,  
Be fix'd and froz'n to permanence.

There has been much idle conjecture about the mysteries, and from the very nature of the subject our knowledge about them is scanty ; but it is indisputable that they represented the highest religious conceptions in Greece.

They appealed to every individual ; the sacred hall at Eleusis was like a Christian Church, where every one could join in the worship, and they thus filled a want which no other Greek cult could satisfy.

The cult of Demeter, originally purely agricultural, acquired its great significance from being connected in post-Homeric times with the myth of Persephone. It seems but a natural sequence that the fruit-bearing earth should have become associated with the underworld of the dead. In that fruitful bosom which gave nutriment to the living the dead found their last resting-place. The same goddess who renewed the life of nature every year now promised a happier lot after death to those who were initiated into her rites. The belief in the persistence of life which had always existed among the Greeks received a higher and nobler stimulus, for to these hopes of greater happiness in a future world were attached conditions of a purer and better life in this one. Rohde will not allow that the mysteries were more than an outward ceremony, and denies that they were concerned with the moral regeneration of man, on the ground that no one except the murderer was excluded from the initiation. It might be said with equally good reason that the Christian Communion is an outward observance, because it is denied to no one except the notorious sinner. The meaning of the initiation evidently lay in the disposition which each individual brought to bear on the rites. He had to go through various symbolic ceremonies of purification very different from the mere ceremonial Katharsis before he was allowed to partake in the great drama where the trials and final triumph of the goddess were represented. Even such a scoffer as Aristophanes, while parodying the Eleusinian festival, does not ignore the fact that saintliness and purity were conditions of initiation. "The founders of the mysteries," says Plato in the "Phædo," "would appear to have had a real meaning, and were not talking nonsense when they intimated in a

figure long ago that he who passes unsanctified and uninitiated into the world below will lie in a slough, but that he who arrives there after initiation and purification will dwell with the gods. 'For many,' as they say in the mysteries, 'are the thyrsus-bearers, but few are the mystics,' meaning, as I interpret the words, 'the true philosophers.'"

It is difficult with our modern ideas to realize the state of mind of the pilgrim to Eleusis, but no one can look at that inspired face of the Demeter of Cnidus—a goddess, yet a true mother of sorrows—without feeling that her cult appealed to that part of human nature which is the noblest bond of humanity in all ages and in all countries.

Eternal inebriation was the reward promised to the initiated. This was, of course, a symbol like the leaky jar, and was derived from the cult of Dionysus, in which religious enthusiasm found its culminating point. The fruit of the vine symbolized the spirit of the god, and had the power to confer the prophetic gift on the true devotees. The object of the cult was, as Rohde says, "to heighten into ecstasy the excitement of those who took part in it, to draw the souls of men out of the boundaries of their every-day consciousness, and raise them to be free spirits in communion with the god and his spirit-band." This was meant by the inebriation of the soul. In our own day we use the same figure. The Roman Catholic invocation, *Sanguis Christi, inebria nos*, is a striking illustration. Representations of Bacchans on the Roman sarcophagi symbolize the bliss of the dead in another world. It is clear that such symbols are at all times understood more or less spiritually, according to the nature and development of the individuals, and we should find very different conceptions in our own day about the ideal of eternal happiness. "Men cannot live by thought alone, the world of sense is always breaking in upon them," and we can but speak in symbols of these things which eye has not seen nor ear heard.

The personage of Charon who meets us at the outset in the Nekyia of Polygnotus, ferrying the initiated, was a necessary adjunct to the belief that waters had to be crossed to reach the final dwelling-place of souls; but, though in Homer we hear already of Acheron and Cocytus, Charon is not mentioned in either Homer or Hesiod, and is probably an Egyptian importation of later date. Polygnotus represented two entrances into Hades—the one for all the dead, with Charon and his barque; the other in a different part of the picture, where Odysseus is approached by the shades. The souls of the woovers in Homer also go a different way from Odysseus. In post-Homeric literature, and in Greek, Roman, and Etruscan art, Charon is a familiar figure. In Greek tragedy he is the dread ferryman, pitiless and relentless, like Thanatos, with whom he is sometimes identified. "I see," says Alcestis, in the last agony of her self-sacrificing death; "I see the two-oared boat, and the ferryman of the dead holding his hand on the pole—Charon even now calls me, 'Why dost thou delay? Haste, thou stoppest us here.'"

Virgil describes him in the same way:

Sentinel over its waters an awful ferryman  
stands,  
Charon grisly and rugged; a growth of  
centuries lies  
Hoary and rough on his chin; as a flaming  
furnace his eyes  
Hung in a loop from his shoulders, a foul  
scarf round him he ties,  
Now with his pole impelling the boat, now  
trimming the sail,  
Urging his steel-grey bark with burden of  
corpses pale,  
Aged in years, but a god's old age is un-  
withered and hale.

In Etruscan art Charon preserved this terrible aspect, but in Greek art he is merely grave or stern. Polygnotus painted him as an old man, but the type varies. On vase-paintings he is usually represented in his boat, leaning on his oar, or with an oar in his hand; the boat landed among the reeds, the water below. The shade approaches, led by Hermes, and is al-

ways represented as in life, and not as an eidolon, probably because he is in a state of transition, while the eidola, which sometimes hover over the scene, represent already the final stage; but there is no rule for these things. He generally carries a sacred sash, and in a few instances a casket—perhaps the same *cista mystica* which Cleoboea carried. Sometimes Charon is represented holding out his hand to receive his fare. The coin itself has been found in the mouths of skeletons, both in Greek and Roman tombs. *Hermione* in Argolis alone was exempt from the custom, because it was believed to have a short cut to Hades, so that the toll was not required. The payment of Charon, first mentioned by Aristophanes, was a symbolic remnant of the ancient Aryan custom to bury with the dead all their valuables. In later times, when this was forgotten, the coin came to be regarded as the fare of the dead. Representations of Charon have been also found on Roman sarcophagi, and Bartoli reproduces a painting from a Roman tomb where a soul is being ferried by Charon across *Cocytus*, while other souls on the opposite bank are reclining under the shade of a holy tree, hung with *oscilla*—an idyllic scene, full of charm.

A *Psychopompus* was required to lead the souls to their unknown abode, and *Hermes* already appears in that capacity in Homer, leading the souls of the woovers. Roscher derives *Hermes Psychopompus* from his original character of the wind-god who took back the soul, the breath, to its own element, the air. This primitive conception finds its counterpart in the later philosophic idea that the souls did not go to Hades, but returned to the ether, the divine creative principle from which they came. Already Euripides says in the "*Helen*" that "the mind of him who died lives not indeed, but has an immortal judgment after falling into the immortal ether," Zeus being the ether; and in the "*Suppliants*" that the spirit goes to the ether, but the body to the earth. This is sometimes expressed in Greek epitaphs, especially

late ones, and with it was associated the popular belief that the soul dwelt in heaven with the immortal gods.

In the painting of Polygnotus *Hermes* does not appear, nor *Cerberus*, the three-headed monster whom *Heracles* conquered by the power of the mysteries. Polygnotus left out the more important personality of *Minos*, but he introduces a character which appears nowhere else, *Eurynomus* "the far-ranging," a demon, according to *Pausanias*, of blue-black color, like the flies that infest meat, who gnaws the flesh off the bones—the symbol of corruption. *Eurynomus* corresponds with *Cerberus* in his aspect of "flesh-devourer," as *Hesiod* calls him. In the Hades of Homer there was no place for *Eurynomus*, as the bodies were all burnt.

The conception of the Hades of Polygnotus may be regarded as a transition from the Hades of Homer to that of *Virgil*. The ideas of the Greeks and Romans about the state after death closely resembled each other, and the Romans had at an early period adopted the Greek myths. Like the Greeks, the Romans believed in a continued existence after death; they shared with the Greeks the primitive belief that the tomb was the abode of the soul as well as the body. The custom of burning the bodies had, as we have seen, fostered the subsequent idea that the soul and body became separated after death, and that the souls dwelt together in a subterranean place; and out of this conception of an underworld had grown the belief in a judgment after death and the separation of the good and the bad to be rewarded or punished according to their deserts.

The doctrines of a future life developed most among the Orphic sects, and chiefly in south Italy. Their mystic teaching was so closely interwoven with that of *Pythagoras* that it is difficult to disentangle the one from the other. Among numerous writings which the Orphics believed to be inspired by their founder, *Orpheus*, there was an account of his "Descent

into Hades." Dieterich and Kuhnert have shown that the representations of the underworld on the south Italian vases are illustrations of this. Orpheus appears there not as having gone down into Hades to bring back Eurydice, who with one exception is not represented on these vases, but as interceding before Persephone for those who had been initiated into his mysteries.

Plato accepted some of the Orphic Pythagorean myths as containing an element of truth, and made them fit into his philosophy. The descriptions of the punishments in Hades naturally excited terrors in many minds, and Epicurus and his followers tried to show that these were utterly futile. Assuming that one of the main sources of misery in this world was fear of the next, their aim was to benefit mankind by dispelling this and teaching that man need concern himself no more about the eternity that came hereafter than that which came before, as he would have as little consciousness in the future as in the past, that "our little life is rounded with a sleep." But this theory afforded so little consolation that it could gain no permanent hold over the majority of the people. The love of life was stronger than fear. If in its hours of deepest distress humanity had uttered the cry of Macaria : —

Oh, that there may be nothing ! If again  
Beyond the sleep of death we wake to pain,  
What hope will then remain to us ? To  
die

Is of all ills the surest remedy,  
such a feeling did not strike root in the  
human heart. As our own great poet  
has expressed it : —

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,  
No life that breathes with human breath  
Has ever truly long'd for death.

'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,  
Oh life, not death, for which we pant,  
More life, and fuller, that we want.

Annihilation is against nature. To live even miserable was better than not to live ; and was there not always hope — "hope which is mightiest," as Pin-

dar says, "to sway the restless soul of man," with the last string on the lyre unbroken to the end ? Had not the greatest teacher of antiquity shown that the soul was immortal, and had he not held out the hope of eternal happiness as a "glorious venture" ? Cicero and Plutarch, in some of their writings, held up the belief in immortality with a confidence well calculated to encourage the faint-hearted. But, though they opposed the doctrine of annihilation which Lucretius had so eloquently interpreted, they rejected at the same time the old fables about Tartarus and the Elysian fields. These were apparently already losing their hold over the people. The inscriptions on the Roman tombs sometimes express scepticism, but more often that primitive and most persistent of all beliefs — which the cult of the dead kept alive — that the dead man continued a sort of vague existence in the tomb ; that he could still enjoy there the flowers and libations that were brought to him, and that the honors he received could in some way ameliorate his lot in the nether world. "The ashes within," says Goethe, "seem in their silent abode still to rejoice in life."

Virgil, following in the trace of the Orphics, gave a higher significance to the old legends. The Homeric conception of the underworld, combined with later myths, and modified by the teaching of Pythagoras and Plato and by certain local traditions, became the groundwork of the sixth book of the *Æneid*. While the Hades of Homer is at the extremity of the ocean, Virgil follows the local tradition which places the entrance on the volcanic soil near Lake Avernus in Campania, whence the Sibyl of Cumæ had from time immemorial given her oracles. But the most important difference between Homer and Virgil is the moral one. In Homer the tribunal of Minos seems to have existed solely for the differences among the dead themselves, and was not concerned with their past lives. Retribution for the past was confined to the notorious criminals who had sinned against the gods. In the

course of time the number of judges in Hades increased, and, under the influence of philosophic ideas, their judgments were now brought to bear on the past actions of the dead. Plato had condemned the descriptions of the lower world by Homer on the ground of their strengthening the fear of death, and being unfit for the ears of boys and men who are meant to be free, and who should fear slavery more than death. "Another and a nobler strain must be composed and sung by us."

There are in Virgil four places assigned to the dead: the Elysian fields for the select few, Tartarus for the wicked, a neutral realm between Acheron and the boundaries of Tartarus and of the Elysian fields, and the purgatory in the grove by the river Lethe. The two intermediate places have exercised the minds of commentators for centuries, and fresh attempts have been made lately to reconcile the contradictions in this and some other passages of the sixth book. In the first of these two realms there are five categories of souls: those who died in infancy, those who were condemned to death on false accusations, the suicides, the victims of uncontrollable passion, and the heroes who died in battle. The unfortunate lovers live in *Iugentes campi* — mourning fields — "their cares leave them not in death itself." All are in a kind of limbo. The question arises, Are these persons, most of whom are innocent, doomed to remain forever in this condition? Virgil gives no answer, but Norden<sup>1</sup> finds the explanation in a passage of Tertullian. The souls have had one fate in common — untimely death. Now, Tertullian, in refuting the pagan ideas about the soul, says: —

They also say that those souls which are taken away by a premature death wander about hither and thither until they have completed the residue of the years which they would have lived through had it not been for their untimely fate. . . . Likewise those are held to be exiled from Hades whom men regard as carried off by vio-

lence, especially by cruel tortures . . . but deaths are not considered violent which justice, that avenger of violence, awards.

There was also a Roman law which did not allow those who had committed suicide, or who had been executed,<sup>2</sup> to be buried, and this fact alone excluded them from Hades, according to the popular idea, which did not discriminate, as Virgil and Tertullian do, between just and unjust condemnation. Virgil places those who deserved a violent death in Tartarus, and allows the others to pass Acheron, simply assigning to them a separate place in the underworld. Norden concludes that, when the time of their natural lives on earth has been completed, these persons pass on to the grove of Lethe, and are purified of the earthly taint with the others, some "to possess the happy fields," the others to drink of Lethe and return to earth; but, as Dieterich, a subsequent critic, says, there remains the question why Virgil does not mention this all-important turning-point himself. The Elysian fields have their own sun and stars. Here happiness abounds for those who have led pure and useful lives. They live as in a constant feast; they find all their earthly joys back again. As in the Hades of Polygnatus, they continued the pursuits they most cared for in this world; their pleasures are the same, but intensified and free from all that could mar them: —

All the delight they took when alive in the chariot and sword,  
All of the loving care that to shining coursers was paid,  
Follows them now that in quiet below Earth's breast they are laid.

To this belief that the future state was but a continuation of the life on earth we owe the preservation of the greatest art treasures and our chief knowledge of antiquity. It was the custom, both in Greece and Italy, to bury with the dead the objects they had cared for in this life, that these might be of use to them in another

<sup>2</sup> In Greece the suicide was buried, but his right hand was cut off. Criminals who had been executed were left unburied.

<sup>1</sup> Vergil-Studien: Hermes, 1893.



world. Archæology is more indebted to this superstition than to all the wisdom of the past. The two unrivalled glass vases of antiquity — the Portland vase, in the British Museum, and the exquisite blue amphora, in the Naples Museum — innumerable Greek vases and statuettes, the sword of the Greek warrior, the toilet casket of the Roman lady, Etruscan mirrors, and other objects of beauty and interest, have all been found in tombs. It is a much discussed question whether a deeper meaning attaches to some of these objects, such as the terra-cotta statuettes from Tanagra and other places. Cartault, in his admirable book, gives a summary of the various opinions on the subject. He agrees with Kekulé, Froehner, and Lüders in thinking it the most probable that many were intended to ornament the abode of the dead, as they may at first have ornamented the houses of the living. But if this be true of the Tanagra ladies with the fan or the mirror, there are others, such as the baker and the hairdresser, that may have been intended to minister to the wants of the dead, and a certain number which have a distinct funereal, religious, or evil-averting character, and which seem to allude to the cultus of the dead, or to represent tutelary divinities, meant to protect him in the underworld. The figures range over a wide circle of ideas. They ought to be classified according to the places where they were found, and the periods to which they belong, but as many are of unknown origin it has been impossible to do this as yet in a satisfactory manner, and the study of the subject is still in its infancy. There is no doubt about the terra-cottas found in the children's tombs. In the Naples Museum there are two or three shelves covered with small terra-cotta animals, dolls, lamps which are too diminutive to have served for any practical uses. These were the playthings of the Pompeian children, and they were all found in children's tombs. This touching custom survived among the early Christians, and a number of these toys have

been found in the catacombs, as well as jewellery and articles for the toilet.

We who find the gulf of centuries between our own and the pagan creed hardly realize the state of transition of early Christianity, during which pagan customs and symbols lingered on and were adapted to the new faith. Nothing makes this clearer than the representations in the catacombs. There we find Hermes leading the souls to the heavenly tribunal, the "Rape of Proserpina," probably symbolizing early death, with the inscription, "Facilis et [est] descensio," imitated from Virgil, "Facilis descensus Averni;" Christ as the good Shepherd, carrying a sheep on his shoulders, after the manner of the celebrated Hermes Kriophoros, by the sculptor Calamis, at Tanagra; Orpheus playing the lyre; Eros and Psyche embracing; the Gorgon's head; the winged Nike, and various symbolical animals and objects. Even the appellation "hero" is applied, in early Christian days, to those who had recently died, and Dieterich traces Orphic traditions in the lately discovered Revelation of St. Peter.

Side by side with the popular idea that the life led in Hades was a continuation of this one, we find in Virgil the philosophical ideal. To understand the moral government of the world, the final causes of the universe, and of man's life upon earth, to contemplate the glories of creation was to the pagan philosopher, even as it is now to some of us, the loftiest conception of happiness in a future state. Thus we find it in Plato, in Plutarch, in Cicero, in Virgil. In Cicero's "*Somnium Scipionis*" the harmony of the spheres can only be heard in the higher regions where man is no longer clogged by his senses, though the great musicians and other men of genius in this world have striven to render it and give us a faint idea of it. Anchises inhabits the Elysian fields and muses over the destinies of his own people. To him the scheme of the universe has now been revealed, and he unfolds it to Æneas, according to the Pythagorean doctrine influenced by stoicism, that one divine



principle animates all things. In the human body the divine essence becomes defiled, and a period of purification is required to wash out the taint by fire, by air, and by water, before the majority enter into new earthly bodies. This corresponds with a passage in the "Phædo." Those who appear to have lived neither well nor ill dwell on the Acherusian lake, "and are purified of their evil deeds, and having suffered the penalty of the wrongs which they have done to others, they are absolved, and receive the rewards of their good deeds, each of them according to his deserts."

Virgil makes use of the doctrine of transmigration to describe the race of coming Romans. In the Orphic-Pythagorean scheme the transmigration was a probation for the soul which had to be purified from the original taint of its birth. Through several renewed existences on earth it was led up to a higher spiritual life, or if it slid along the downward slope it was finally thrown into Tartarus. The cycle of transmigration lasted ten thousand years, divided into periods of a thousand, as in the "Phædrus" of Plato. "Ten thousand years must elapse before the soul of each one can return to the place from whence she came, for she cannot grow her wings in less," and in Empedocles and Pindar there are passages that agree with this.

We have found in this rapid survey that the most varied ideas about the future life existed among the Greeks and Romans. Without mentioning the Sceptics, there were those who believed that the soul lived in the tomb, or in Hades, or in both places at the same time; others that it had to go through a probation of many lives on earth, that it returned to the ether whence it came, or that it dwelt with the gods. This ought not to surprise us. Speaking of Plato's time, Professor Jowett says: "Without any palpable inconsistency there existed side by side two forms of religion—the tradition inherited or invented by the poets, and the customary worship of the temple; on the other hand, there was the religion

of the philosopher who was dwelling in the heaven of ideas, but did not therefore refuse to offer a cock to Æsculapius, or to be seen saying his prayers at the rising of the sun. At length the antagonism between the popular and philosophical religion, never so great among the Greeks as in our own age, disappeared, and was only felt like the difference between the religion of the educated and uneducated among ourselves."

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
THE MONEY-SPIDER.

BY PHIL ROBINSON.

FLORA BUNCE was a widow, as comfortable in mind, body, and estate as any plump and satisfactorily dowered widow could be. The deceased Bunce, though well enough off (when on earth) to have lived without worrying himself, was an abject, miserable martyr to the notion that he was "a man of business," and to such an extent did he crucify himself and complicate correspondence over the veriest trifles, that his widow not only hated but was terrified at the very mention of business, and, above all, of "legal business." Even the formalities as sole executrix and legatee which (supported and comforted during the process by at least half-a-dozen men of the law) she had to go through were almost more than she could bear. Every time she found herself "commanded" by "Victoria, by the grace of God," etc., or "Hereby summoned," "in which fail not to execute" something, she considered herself only a degree off being a criminal, and within a measurable distance of gaol. And so when all was over she vowed she would have no more of it, and putting all her affairs unreservedly into the hands of the local solicitor, Mr. Jabez Stamps, she retired into the backwaters of her tranquil life at Nuthorough, and was living as quietly and peacefully as is permitted to a rich and somewhat foolish widow when the events about to be recorded occurred.

Having had no children of their own,

the Bunces had made themselves responsible for an orphaned nephew, as far as it was possible for anybody to be "responsible" for such a combination of scamps as seemed to have entered into and possessed themselves of the person of Mr. Reginald Bunce, lieutenant in the Bumpshire militia. His own income, alone equal to a full captain's pay, with "allowances," only sufficed to meet his mess-bills and what he was pleased to call his "regimental" expenses, while for such costs and disbursements as he was put to by competing in trotting matches on public highroads, conveying prize-fighters about the country (and subsequent magisterial decisions thereupon), and indulging in various and sundry other diversions for spending money which need not be individually specified, but can be lumped together, precisely enough, under the usual newspaper heads of "Sport and the Drama," he went for a while to the tents of Israel, and thereafter to his uncle and aunt.

In approaching his uncle the young militiaman had always been careful to "play up to the dear old chap's craze," as he called it, and to make each loan an affair of most elaborate "business." With the help of a whiskified and out-at-elbows solicitor he made absurd affidavits, drew up and had engrossed and duly stamped long-winded statements about nothing, took care to see everything properly witnessed, endorsed, docketed, and red-taped, and then despatched the whole in duplicate to his uncle. To such a pitch had Mr. Bunce worked himself up in his ideas of being business-like, that the receipt of these impudent requests for money positively delighted him, and for several days he would revel in trying to pick holes in the preposterous documents sent to him, but always concluded eventually by signing, stamping, witnessing, endorsing, docketing, and red-taping one of the sets of papers, and sending them back with the money. With his aunt, Mr. Reggy's procedure on the first occasion he had to appeal to her was precisely the reverse. Without any warning he had suddenly de-

scended upon Nutborough, and with a lively but most complex narrative of his woes, conjured up in ten minutes impending dangers of such hideous complications of legal business, chiefly by rattling off all kinds of irrelevant technical phrases and lawyers' jargon, that the good soul declared she would be terrified out of her wits if he went on, and that, as it was, she wouldn't get a wink of sleep that afternoon, and he must really go to Mr. Stamps. "No," she said firmly, "it's no use, Reggy, your showing me those horrid papers," as the nephew proceeded to tug laboriously out of every pocket imposing folios of an emphatically "legal" aspect, "*not the least*. I have vowed I will never have anything to do with business, and I will not. There! You must go to Mr. Stamps." Which Reggy — having got a general order on Mr. Stamps to pay over, at any time, any sums he, Mr. Reginald Bunce, might need, without reference to her — cheerfully did, and went on to rejoin his party at Six-mile Bottom the same evening much replenished in purse and spirits. Nor after this was the widow ever worried about her nephew's affairs, for Mr. Stamps had his written authority to supply Mr. Reginald, and Mr. Reginald had his authority to draw upon Mr. Stamps.

Now, it must have been about this time that it occurred to the solicitor that there could be no harm in investing the widow's idle surplus for her (and his own) advantage; and so it came about that in various brokers' accounts Mrs. Bunce figured for considerable holdings in very speculative stocks. But when all the banks in Patagonia went smash one after the other, and revolutions kept breaking out on the equator, and the brokers, for a consideration, "carried over" these same stocks for Mrs. Bunce, the fortnightly settlements of differences became sufficiently serious to alarm Mr. Stamps. A year later the new equatorial administration repudiated the bonds of its predecessor, and about the same time the Patagonian banks, having failed to "reconstruct," were

swamped in a new government "Financial Institute," which threw overboard all the speculative assets of the previous concerns. In these two catastrophes the bulk of Mrs. Bunce's fortune disappeared beyond recovery (even if Mr. Stamps had dared to face the publicity of litigation), and the solicitor was frightened in downright earnest. There was nothing for it under the circumstances (from Mr. Stamps's point of view) but to falsify the accounts, and this he proceeded to do at once, having nobody to interfere with him; doubling the widow's expenses all round, multiplying Reggy's borrowings by three, and adding on an extra thousand for legal expenses; and as for the bulk of the deficit still requiring explanation, he trusted to chance.

While matters stood thus the solicitor received one day a letter that considerably surprised him. It was from Reggy, who informed him that he had failed to pass his "final," and had therefore determined to "cut" the army, and, eschewing dissipation, to purchase a partnership in his cousin's Nuthorough brewery, and settle down. On the top of this came Reggy himself, who further surprised and perplexed Mr. Stamps by developing an exceptional business shrewdness in the manner in which he inquired into his aunt's investments, and discussed the methods for raising a large sum of ready money for the purchase of the partnership in question and the paying off of various liabilities. In fact, the nephew appeared to be quite a reformed character. He went off, promising to return next day and "go thoroughly into the whole thing, as there was no use in wasting time when there was business to be done."

By the post next morning there reached Mr. Stamps further disconcerting matters, in the shape of a number of documents from Colonel Barbecue, his co-trustee in the Bunce estate (the firm had been "Bunce & Barbecue"), who announced that he intended to sail that day month in the steamer Tortoise, with a view to the

sale of his business and estates in Barbados to a city syndicate that were ready to purchase at £150,000. Among the documents were letters addressed to Mrs. Bunce, which he put away in his safe, and his will (an attested copy), in which he bequeathed all that he possessed to his only son and his son's family, and failing them to Flora Bunce and her next of kin. Now, Mr. Stamps had never met Colonel Barbecue, but there was a brief straightforwardness in his letters and papers that made the solicitor apprehensive of trouble when it came to auditing the widow's accounts. So that when Reggy arrived he found Mr. Stamps very uncommunicative and none too amiable. As a matter of fact, the solicitor was in his gravest mood, and lectured the ex-lieutenant of militia upon the reckless manner in which he had wasted his worthy aunt's income. Whereupon the very thing that Mr. Stamps wished happened, for Reggy at once asked for the figures. Having got them he whistled softly to himself. "I had no idea," said he, "I had spent so much as that in three years. How money flies!" and by and by departed and made his way straight to town.

Here he at once forgathered with the seedy little solicitor who had so often helped him out of his messes with Israel, and confided to him his suspicions that "Stamps is chiselling my aunt and me." "We'll soon find out if he is," said the man of law; "but I shall have to ask you for a fiver or two to polish myself up in the way of clothes, etc.;" and when, a few days later, they met again at the railway station, Reggy was vastly gratified at the change that "a fiver or two" had made in the little man's appearance. Not only were his clothes eminently professional and respectable, but he had about him a general suggestion of suppressed wealth, which insisted, however, in spite of himself, as it were, in betraying itself in (what appeared to be) a fine old-fashioned gold chain and bunch of venerable seals, a gold-headed umbrella, gold-mounted glasses ("the-

atrical properties, my dear boy," said he to Reggy in confidence; "my landlord goes on every year as one of the crowd in the Pantos."). The most eloquently respectable, and the only shabby, item of his outfit was a very ancient despatch-box, that looked as if it held, and had held, documents of unspeakable importance, and Stamps was distinctly impressed by "My solicitor, Mr. Tweezer, of Great Marlborough Street," when Reggy introduced him. Mr. Tweezer pursued his investigations with infinite *bonhomie* and leisureliness.

Urgent telegrams from his clerk in town regarding cases (they were real cases enough, for Stamps was cunning enough to look for them in the Cause-Lists in the morning's *Standard*) that were coming on took him away every other day, and during these absences Mr. Tweezer employed himself in tracing the cheques Mr. Stamps had given on Reggy's behalf, and comparing these accounts with the receipts over Reggy's signature that Mr. Stamps held. The results were eminently satisfactory to Mr. Tweezer, and at the end of a fortnight (during which he had become a great favorite with the widow, and had got at his fingers' ends every detail as to her investments and expenditure) he was able to inform Reggy that, if he chose, he could send Mr. Stamps to the Old Bailey, and thence, probably, to a dozen years' penal servitude at least. And so he took his leave, to work up the case and find out, through a friend on the Stock Exchange, what transactions had passed in the matter of Bunce investments in Patagonians and Equatorias, "in the course of which," said he, "I shall not be surprised to find that, one way and the other, some fifty thousand has gone wrong."

Mr. Stamps was not quite at his ease, for the more he thought of it the more he felt convinced that "that Tweezer" had ferreted out more than he spoke of; a great deal more, in fact, than was agreeable to Mr. Jabez Stamps. But he had told no one of the approaching return of Colonel Barbecue, and this event bothered him more than he

cared to confess, although, as he would say in an aside to himself, "a convenient fire in the office will settle a great deal." So time slipped by, and the Tortoise was on the high seas. The colonel would arrive in about three weeks.

Meanwhile, Mr. Tweezer was weaving his web round the unconscious Jabez, and had woven to such good purpose that the solicitor-general, who was retained, said "the rogue was as good as in gaol." As secretly as possible an order was obtained to take possession of Mr. Stamps's offices at Nutborough, and on a certain Thursday morning Mr. Tweezer and Reggy were finishing breakfast, their luggage was already down-stairs, and the cab waiting at the door, all ready for a start for Nutborough and for the first step in that campaign which was to end in the overthrow and imprisonment of "our worthy and much respected fellow-citizen," when Reggy bounced off his seat as if a bomb had exploded under the chair.

"By Jove!" he cried excitedly, "read that," and then began reading himself. The Boots at the door, with a portmanteau in each hand, stood still to listen; the chambermaid, ostentatiously dusting in the bedroom, stopped her broom to listen. And Reggy read: "Accident on the Embankment. As an elderly gentleman was proceeding along the Embankment towards the City, his hansom collided with a van being driven in the opposite direction. The occupant of the cab was thrown out, and, falling on his head, was taken up insensible and conveyed to the St. Patrick's Hospital, where he lies in a critical state. From examination of his papers, which are said to be of an exceptionally important character, the unfortunate victim of the accident proves" (and Reggy read each word impressively and with a pause between) "To be Mr. — Jabez — Stamps — solicitor — of — Nutborough. His friends, Mrs. Bunce, Mr. Reginald Bunce, and Mr. Harold Tweezer, solicitor, of Great Marlborough Street (to whom addressed letters were found in

Mr. Stamps's pocket-book), have been communicated with."

Each stared at the other for a moment, then, with only one thought between them, each flew for his hat, and charging through the doorway together, to the complete discomfiture of Boots, who was in the line of their rush, went down the hotel stairs like lunatics escaping from an asylum on fire.

The cab was at the door, and they banged into it, one on top of the other. "St. Patrick's Hospital—life or death!" shouted Reggy to the cabman so that all the street could hear, and away they galloped, leaving a staggered crowd of hotel servants, with Boots greatly "be-blowing" himself in the centre, upon the steps, looking as dazed as if a whirlwind had just gone by. Then they gathered together all the belongings of the runaways and returned them to their rooms, where Boots and the chambermaid acted the whole scene over and over again for the benefit of the others, reading from the newspaper the paragraph that had stampeded the solicitor and his client.

By this time Reggy and Tweezer had reached the hospital, and, plunging into the hall, came with a stone-wall sort of shock against a serjeant of police.

"Well," he said, "what is it? You're Mr. Reginald Bunce, I suppose?"

"Yes," gasped Reggy, "and this is——"

"Mr. Harold Tweezer," I suppose, interrupted the serjeant, and then, through a hole in the wall, to an unseen personage who had a hoarse laugh, "Here's another couple of 'em."

"What do you mean?" cried the indignant Reggy.

"Mean?" replied the serjeant, leisurely taking a great note-book out of his pocket, while a click from the hole in the wall told the breathless pair that they had just been "kodaked"—"mean? Why, I mean that you're the third couple of Bunces and Tweezers that have been here already. And how many more that blessed stu-

pid paragraph will send here Heaven only knows."

By this time Mr. Tweezer had pulled himself together. "How can we be identified?" he asked. "By letters in our pockets—card-cases?"

"You can be identified," said the serjeant, "by anybody that will satisfy me."

"Will you come with me to the Law Courts?"

"What for?"

"To see the solicitor-general."

"What'll he do?"

"Identify me."

"If the solicitor-general will identify you, that will satisfy me," said the serjeant; and in another minute Tweezer, tightly gripping his man as if he were running him in and feared he might attempt escape, was whirling off to Temple Bar.

Straight to the solicitor-general's private room flew the little Tweezer; close behind him, to the admiration of the crowd in the passage, flew the serjeant of police.

The great man was just coming forth. "Ah, Mr. Tweezer! Why, what's the matter?"

"Thank you, Sir Robert, thank you. Will you please identify me before this serjeant? (*Aside.*) It's connected with the case *Bunce v. Stamps*, Sir Robert."

"Yes, certainly. This is Mr. Tweezer, solicitor, whom I know well," replied the solicitor-general.

"Thank you, sir," said the serjeant, and the pair were off again, like a couple of madmen, Tweezer a spirited first, once more into the hansom, and whirling back to the hospital.

Meanwhile Reggy, left behind, was speaking through the hole in the wall. "Shall I have to be identified too?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the hoarse voice, and out stepped Inspector Watkins.

"Got a telephone here?"

"Yes, inside. Step in."

And Reggy got in. "Put me on to 1200;" and he was put on. "Who's there?" "Davies." "Is that you, Taffy?" "Yes, that's me; who are



you?" "Guess from my voice." (And then to the inspector, "Now, then, *you* listen.") "Guess from my voice. Who am I?" "Well, if you are not Mr. Reginald Bunce, it is a very good imitation of his voice."

"Will that do, inspector?"

"No, sir," said the official; "Mr. Davies will have to come here."

So Reggy began again. "Come to St. Patrick's Hospital straight away. Life or death, I tell you. Come." "All right," was the reply; and in a quarter of an hour the king of the bookmakers appeared.

A broad grin overspread Mr. Watkins's features as the veteran of the ring approached.

"Hallo, Watkins!"

"How d'ye do, Mr. Davies?"

"Why, Mr. Bunce, what's the matter? Was afraid you were smashed up."

"Not a bit of it; but I've got to see a patient here who is. It's most important, and they wouldn't let me in till I was identified."

Here Tweezer, triumphant of countenance, arrived, and all being satisfactory, they signed their names in a book and went inside. But here another stone-wall shock met them. A surgeon barred the way. "The patient can see no one."

"But the letters?" said Mr. Tweezer.

"Oh, yes, the letters — you can have those. Is it all right, inspector?"

"It's all right, sir; the solicitor-general speaks for Tweezer, and Mr. Davies for Bunce."

"Right; I'll bring the letters."

And presently down came the surgeon with two letters. "Are you Mr. Bunce?" "Yes." "This is yours, then." "And you are Mr. Tweezer? Then this is yours."

The two men seized the letters and began to read. As they read, the expressions that came over their faces were so astounding that even the policemen, accustomed to such scenes, were quite taken aback. The surgeon looked on amazed. Mr. Taffy Davies remarked, "Backed a stiff un — bet a

five." But the two read on as men in a dazed trance, finished their letters, turned them upside down, round and round, read them all over again, and then gazed into each other's faces with looks of utter stupefaction. Then they exchanged letters and each read the other's; and then they got up and without a word walked out into the open air, "just like two men walking in their sleep," said the surgeon.

The solicitor was the first to speak. "Such a *beautiful* case, too!" and the whole of a bursting heart was in the word.

"He's not a damned rogue, after all," said Reggy, addressing the horizon in a vague, bewildered sort of way.

Then abruptly turning to the surgeon, "Can't we see him? We won't say a word to him. Let us see the poor old chap." And there was something in Reggy's voice, something, too, in his eyes, that weighed with the surgeon.

"He will not recognize you, and you must not attempt to speak to him." And in a few minutes, in a darkened, softly carpeted room, they found themselves by the bedside of Jabez Stamps.

"He's shaved all his whiskers off!" whispered Reggy to the surgeon, who only replied with "*Hush!*" "And his hair has been dyed dark!" ("*Hush!*") "And what is he saying?"

The surgeon stooped down. "He's raving," and they all went softly out. "He has been raving ever since he came in. The only two words I have heard him repeat distinctly are 'Barbecue' and 'Money-Spider.'"

"And *what?*" asked the bookmaker abruptly.

"'Money-Spider,'" replied the surgeon.

"Whew!" whistled the other, and flew down the stairs.

The inspector followed, and when the others got down to the hall they found Mr. Davies at the telephone and Mr. Watkins on the steps looking up to the sky. (The bookmaker had told him he wanted to say something "very private indeed" to his grandmother,



and "he'd be obliged if the policeman would just step out and see what kind of a day it was," which he had done). "Now then, can't you hear me?" said the bookmaker. "Who are you getting at?" was the reply. "If you can hear what I say and don't do as I tell you, I'll —"

"What's the matter, Taffy?" asked Reggy, feeling in a way responsible for the bookmaker's behavior.

But Taffy was listening at the telephone. "Yes; Money-Spider, I tell you. All you can get on." "And a bit for me, Taffy," said Reggy. "Right; and going halves with Mr. Reginald Bunce. D'ye hear?" "Yes; a thou' if you can. Whew!" he whistled again.

"What is it, Taffy?" asked Reggy.

"Come here," he replied (and as they passed Watkins, "All right, Watkins, I've got a fiver for you"), "come here. Did you hear 'im say as the mad un up-stairs said 'Money-Spider'? Why, that's the very name they're going to give the Arachne colt, and it's a rank outsider for the Eclipse, and at all Jehoshaphat to nothing. We're on for a thou' — and we'll pouch it, see if we don't." Like nearly every other betting man, Mr. Davies was fanatically superstitious, and the accidental mention of the name was quite sufficient to put him on to the horse. And so, frantic with excitement about a dying man when he went up the stairs, Reggy went down then thinking only of the odds on the horses for the Eclipse.

Not so poor Tweezer, who was crushed. "I shall be all day at that public-house opposite," he said to the surgeon, "on behalf of Mr. Bunce. I will keep the commissionaire here in case it should be possible for me to speak to Mr. Stamps."

"Very good," said the surgeon, and the great doors closed behind them.

"And such a splendid case, too! Just my accursed luck! I might have held my head up again if that had gone through." And thus dismally desponding, Reggy left him sitting on a bench in the sanded tap-room of the public-house, while he went to telegraph to

his aunt not to worry herself, but to come up to town at once. And then he came back and joined Tweezer, and the two knocked their heads together over the letters that they had so strangely come by, and at the end they were no wiser than they had been before.

The letter to Reggy was short. "I had the honor," said the writer, "of enjoying your father's esteem, and for many years the complete confidence of your uncle, and it is, therefore, with a corresponding sense of humiliation that I now appeal to your generosity as the son and nephew of two of my oldest and best friends to allow by-gones to be by-gones, and for the sake of long and faithful service to your family to forgive an old man's lapse from honesty, and to screen his name and memory as much as possible from public shame." And there was a postscript: "There will be a surplus over from the cheque which I have forwarded to Mrs. Bunce, and I should wish this given to the vicar to assist in the restoration of my old parish church, where I had hoped one day to be laid honorably to rest among my own kith and kin."

The letter to Mr. Tweezer was shorter still. Apologizing on so brief an acquaintance for asking a service, he sought that gentleman's good offices (knowing him to be in the confidence of Mr. Reginald Bunce) to revisit Nutborough, remove from the office records all evidences of irregularities (now made good), to assist in disposing of the business at the best price he could, and, after repaying himself for these invaluable services, to lodge the balance to his credit under a certain name at the Federal Bank of Philadelphia.

No wonder they were puzzled.

To understand what had happened we must go back to Nutborough, where we left Mr. Stamps awaiting Colonel Barbecue's return. Reggy and Mr. Tweezer had been gone about a fortnight when one morning, under the heading "Disasters at Sea," the solicitor read, and every fibre of his body trembled with excitement as he read, that the Tortoise had gone down with

all hands and passengers. The wreck was witnessed from the Pento lighthouse, but it was impossible to render assistance; and among the names of the passengers whose bodies had been recovered the solicitor read, "Colonel Barbecue and his only son, Mr. Arthur Barbecue, with his wife and infant child."

All gone! and Flora Bunce and Reggy heirs to £150,000!

Mr. Stamps saw at once how, by a single bold stroke, he could retrieve the past, and be sufficiently enriched to retire (somewhere abroad) on a handsome income. That very day he lunched with the widow, and before going "ventured to bother her with business just for *one* minute—only a couple of signatures, nothing more. Yes, *there*—yes—thank you; and *there*—thank you. That's all."

Even Mrs. Bunce ought to have seen that the solicitor's hands were trembling as he presented the corner of each document for her signature, covering the rest with the blotting paper. But she didn't.

"Oh!" she cried suddenly, and so suddenly that Mr. Stamps, in his nervous excitement, nearly fell over backwards. "Look! there's a money-spider! There's money coming to me!"

To her astonishment the grave man of the law rushed towards her. "Where? where?" he fairly shrieked. "Kill it! kill it!"

"No, no," laughed the widow, "it's lucky to have one."

"Kill it! kill it!" cried Mr. Stamps, trying through his glasses to catch sight of the tiny insect, which by this time was tripping gaily across the widow's open palm.

"Indeed I won't," said she, amused; "I've got it in my hand, and I'm not going to kill it. Besides, I want the money, for I'm going to repair the church. I promised the vicar I will."

She looked up from the wee black speck—that vanished, as she did so, among the lace on her wrist—at the solicitor, and to her amazement he was holding on to the table with both

hands, as pale as a ghost, and breathing heavily, "and for all the world like a man going to have a fit."

She jumped up, helped Mr. Stamps to a chair, rang the bell, and ordered some wine. By the time it came the solicitor had so far recovered as to laugh a ghastly laugh and wipe his forehead.

And in a few minutes he seemed himself again, apologized for his absurd behavior, and explained how all his life he had been influenced by stupid superstitions.

"I don't think they're stupid at all," said the widow; "I like superstitions, and money-spiders above all."

A twinge crossed her visitor's face, and he went on and told her how once he had lost all the will business of a wealthy client by not going to him on a Friday, because as he was starting he passed two cross-eyed men; and how on another day he missed a bargain in a sale of house property by meeting a funeral and going back to his office.

Altogether, when he was gone, Mrs. Bunce was astonished that so solemn and serious a man of business as Mr. Jabez Stamps should be so absurdly upset over a money-spider. "And wanted to kill it too, my dear," said she to Mrs. Rutherford, her companion and confidante. "You should really have seen him. I thought he had taken leave of his wits. *But he didn't kill it.*"

Meanwhile Mr. Jabez Stamps had got all he wanted, and having seen his clerk and a needy client who dropped in "witness" the signatures—"a mere matter of form only"—made off to London as speedily as possible.

Next day he saw the Syndicate, and as power of attorney from the heirs of Colonel Barbecue transferred, pending probate, the estates in Barbados for £150,000. Both sides to the bargain were in real earnest about closing it, and agreed that delay must at all costs be avoided, as the estates, being a good concern, had to be taken in hand at once; and all the papers having been duly prepared pending the colonel's return, three or four days sufficed

to see the widow and the orphan robbed of their fortune, and the whole sum banked to the credit of the rogue.

And that night the Syndicate and Mr. Stamps dined together royally at the most expensive table in London, and some time after midnight parted on the best of all possible terms with themselves, each other, and the world in general.

On reaching his hotel the solicitor sat down, and drawing a cheque for £50,000 in favor of Mrs. Bunce, wrote that lady a letter which, if it had reached her with no one near to reassure her, would assuredly have brought the widow to the verge of lunacy, opening up as it did interminable vistas of "legal business."

Briefly, and omitting all the sanctimonious expressions, it stated that he, Jabez Stamps, had been led away by temptation to speculate with her fortune, that the exact amount he had gambled with and lost was under £50,000, that he had never had a happy day since he commenced his course of dishonesty, that fortunately, before it was too late, and while he was still in a position to do it, he had repented of his conduct, and that he enclosed a cheque, payable at sight, for the full amount of £50,000, and the cheque was duly enclosed.

Then he wrote the letters to Reggy and Mr. Tweezer that had so astonished those gentlemen; and finally he drew up a paragraph for insertion in the *Bumpshire Chronicle and County Gazette*, to the effect that their worthy and much respected fellow-townsmen, Mr. Jabez Stamps, had received news of so distressing a character regarding his only child, a daughter who had married and settled in Australia, that he had left at once for the Antipodes.

When his work was finished the man of law read the letters carefully over, lingering admiringly over the frequent Biblical references to "Christian charity" and "repentant sinner" which they contained; and, half persuaded that he was really a most virtuous person, went to bed. "Better," he said to himself as he went to sleep, "to be

left unmolested with £100,000, than be hunted up and worried for the odd £50,000." So it certainly was.

Next morning he awoke, feeling as brisk and bright as possible, and after breakfast went forth, first to one hairdresser, who took off his whiskers and beard, and then to another, who dyed his sandy locks, and then got into a cab to go to the bank to arrange for the transfer of his balances, and, that completed, to do some shopping, take his passage by the steamer sailing next day, and to post his letters.

But the day went very differently for Jabez Stamps.

He was lying back in his handsome well content, and planning a life of ease abroad, when in an instant there was a crash, the whole Embankment, with the trees on it and the vehicles, seemed to be flung up into the air in chaos, a terrible stunning roar seemed to strike his head—and that was all. He never reached the bank to transfer the money.

But, days afterwards, with a dull and horrible humming in his ears, he awoke in a dark room in St. Patrick's Hospital. It was called the dying ward. But he didn't know that. There were figures by his bedside; he did not know who they were; he could remember nothing. His poor pale lips would try to speak, but only one intelligible word escaped them—Money-spider. And so he died. And they took his body back to Nutborough, and buried him among his own folk; and nobody else ever heard of the disgrace from which he had so narrowly escaped by death.

On going to the bank Mr. Tweezer found the full amount of the money, untouched, lying to the credit of Mrs. Bunce's power of attorney, now himself; and among the papers in Mr. Stamps's bag were all the documents, in perfect order, of the transfer of the Barbados estate. So the widow came by her own again.

And Money-Spider? He turned out a demon; and when he had got the race in hand, bolted off the course, got rid of his jockey at the rails, and, ac-

cording to Mr. Davies, "when last seen was heading straight for New Jerusalem."

From Temple Bar.  
RECORDS OF AN ALL-ROUND MAN.

BY MRS. ANDREW CROSSE.

SIR RICHARD OWEN when in the mood was a multifarious talker, delightfully companionable, and was generally at his best when seated at the table of his friend, the late William White Cooper. Their acquaintance dated from 1835, when Cooper, then a student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, attracted the notice of the professor by gaining the only prize Owen gave for comparative anatomy. A strong liking for the younger man—younger by twelve years—grew up on the part of Owen, and many opportunities of intimacy cemented a friendship that became truly fraternal in character. As years went on, it was the expressed wish of the eminent naturalist that White Cooper should be his biographer, and many notes were made with this view, but the younger of the friends died before the nestor of science passed to his rest.

In the early days of their intercourse, as early as 1838, Owen proposed that Cooper and himself should take their autumn holiday together, and the plan was carried out to their mutual profit and enjoyment. They visited the principal anatomical museums in Holland and Germany, making in these several places the acquaintance of the local celebrities. They timed their movements to include an international scientific meeting at Freiburg. It was a pleasant experience of travel, often referred to between the friends as common ground for noteworthy memories.

A few years ago, Tyndall, when breakfasting at White Cooper's house in Berkeley Square in company with Owen, asked the latter some questions about Oken, the Swiss naturalist. It may be remembered that Goethe laid claim to priority in the celebrated vertebrate discovery which Oken made

known to the world. Owen remarked that when the Swiss anatomist was charged with piracy by the adherents of Goethe after the death of the latter, Oken published a reclamation, showing there were no grounds for such a charge; it was probably the poet's imagination that was at fault.

The incident of the meeting of these remarkable men is recorded, with much other interesting matter, in note-books in White Cooper's exquisitely neat handwriting. Some of these old manuscript volumes<sup>1</sup> are now before me; turning the leaves, and taking note of dates and names, it seems almost as if certain figures stepped down from their niches in Valhalla to mingle again in the crowd, tossing to and fro the familiar talk of daily life.

In the journal of 1838, White Cooper writes:—

Professor Owen and I ascended the spire of the cathedral at Freiburg, and whilst viewing the prospect, the Prince of Canino, Agassiz, and Oken came up, and introductions took place, followed by much scientific conversation. . . . Oken is a little, active, dark man. In his piercing eyes and manner he resembles Sedgwick.

The journal further records a delightful day they spent at picturesque Badenweiler, amidst the ruins of mediæval castles and Roman baths. The scientific association were the guests of the grand duke on this occasion, at his country seat. The Englishmen found the dinner "awfully long, and so many bottles of Rhenish wine were introduced, that at the end each person had at least three standing by him."

Of the next day White Cooper writes:—

Much kind feeling was displayed towards Mr. Owen, when the time of our departure arrived. Prince Buonaparte, M. Agassiz, — Leuchart and many others assembled at the diligence office to bid him farewell. Each in turn kissed him on each cheek, some more than once; and right glad was he to escape at length from their osculatory marks of esteem.

<sup>1</sup> Through the kindness of my friend Lady White Cooper, I have been permitted to read and make extracts from some of the letters and manuscript notes of her late husband.

In their diligence journey, which was protracted far into the night, they had the companionship of a geologist, a mathematical professor, and a learned man with a distractingly shrill voice, who disagreed with everything and everybody. These three got into an argument, and, says the writer of the journal :—

Never as long as I live shall I forget the frightful din which ensued. Darkness came on, but brought no relief ; faster and faster the words flew. I cannot describe our satisfaction when at length the coach stopped for the passengers to have supper. The geologist who had fanned the flame of dispute all along, expressed his extreme regret to Mr. Owen that they must part company, as he was obliged to go to Stutgard by another diligence.

The next day, in continuing their journey, the two Englishmen chartered a carriage to themselves, for a drive of some hours, part of which time would be through the romantic Black Forest. At the dinner which they took at the inn before starting they agreed that the quantitative hospitality of the grand duke had somehow left them with a dubious feeling about Rhenish wine, and so on the principle of what is familiar is safe, they drank only champagne. Thus fortified, they became merry-hearted during their drive, and, as White Cooper describes, they raised their voice in songs, such as "Could a man be secure," "The Mariners," and "All's well."

The weather was delightful, and through the glades of the forest they caught glimpses of roebuck and wild boar. An opening in the pine woods gave them a view of the sun setting behind the hills, all panoplied in glorious colors. Soon the brief twilight faded into darkness, and the forest grew thicker, and the tract more wild and irregular. The travellers ceased singing, and grew anxious—for possibly their driver might be in league with banditti. "Cooper, where are your pistols?" cried Owen. "In the carpet-bag," was the reply. "Then get them out at once, and do so quietly," was Owen's rejoinder, in a low voice.

Nothing happened, and about an hour later their drosky comfortably rattled into the town of Rastadt, where it seems they spent the night very uncomfortably in those "detestable German box-beds, which do not permit any stretching of limbs." Owen was a very tall man, with a certain resemblance to the gigantic Dinornis, on whom he had conferred fame, therefore the limitations of his sleeping box were matter of reasonable complaint. The late autumn found the travellers back in London.

White Cooper was now fully occupied in his professional studies. On the payment of £1,000, he had been accepted as a private pupil by Mr. Stanley, the surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

White Cooper was born in 1816, and being descended from a well-to-do old Wiltshire family, never seems to have suffered from straitened means ; such being the fact, it is the more to his credit that he worked with unflinching assiduity and resolution. The young student was fortunate in his friends, amongst whom he numbered Mr. Dalrymple, the eminent ophthalmic surgeon, Sir B. Brodie, Mr. Broderip the naturalist, the Bucklands, and others. For more than two years an agreeable arrangement was entered into that made White Cooper an inmate of Professor and Mrs. Owen's house. This circumstance furthered the work they had undertaken together.

A course of lectures that Owen gave in 1843 on the "Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Invertebrate Animals," was published from notes taken by White Cooper, and revised by the professor. Many a pleasant party and tempting invitation to country houses had to be given up at this busy time ; all the same, there are records in plenty of celebrities encountered either socially or professionally. In reading the copious notes which White Cooper made on the men and manners of the time, I am vividly reminded of his own conversation, so full of anecdote and retrospection. His powers of observation were singu-



larly full-sighted, he saw all round about things, and gave you an impression of the personality of an individual, so that you saw before you how this or that man looked and talked.

A generation of notable people were passing away when White Cooper started on his professional career; some of them became his patients, and many of the anecdotes he then recorded have acquired the interest due to names and events which are more or less traditional in our day. Of the Duke of Wellington he writes:—

I saw the duke for the first time at a *levée* at St. James's. He was standing with his back to the fire in the middle room, where a group formed round his Grace—the Marquis of Anglesey—Lord Gough, lately returned from China—Lieut. Edwardes<sup>1</sup> with a long beard, just back from India—Sir Charles Napier (the general), and Sir Robert Peel.

In 1854 the second Duke of Wellington told White Cooper the following circumstances connected with his father's deafness:—

The duke was about to proceed to the Congress of Verona, when finding his hearing troubled, he went to Stevenson and desired him to do something which should afford speedy relief. He applied caustic to the membrane tympani, but told the duke if pain came on he was to get himself cupped immediately. . . . This was neglected—violent inflammation set in, and Dr. Hume, who was then called in, seeing the grave condition of matters, took active measures, and probably prevented inflammation of the brain. Stevenson (who was really an ignorant man) was horrified to find what had happened. He begged the duke would write a certificate acquitting him of all blame. The duke looked earnestly at him and replied, "The best thing, Mr. Stevenson, that I can do is to say nothing about it."

The Duke of Sussex had three special fancies—Bibles, clocks, and pipes, and the first time White Cooper was called in to attend the duke, he found the door at Kensington Palace opened by a Highlander in full garb, who ushered him into a waiting-room. It was

just on the stroke of twelve, and immediately a startling medley of sounds struck up: cuckoo-clocks, musical-clocks, cathedral-clocks, besides ordinary strikers, were all tuning up at once.

White Cooper thus describes the duke:—

In appearance the Duke of Sussex was every inch a prince—very tall, portly, and upright. On one occasion we were talking of the proportion of limbs, when pulling up his trousers, he said, "How large do you think my leg to be round the calf?" I hesitated to reply. "Seventeen inches," said he, "and muscle every bit." He told me he had been one of the earliest and warmest supporters of the "Anatomy Bill," and to help in doing away with the foolish prejudice against dissection, he had left his own body for dissection.

As a young man, White Cooper went in considerably for athletic exercises and sports. His notes record that in 1832 he took "two dozen lessons in sparring from 'Tom Spring' the pugilist, at seven-and-sixpence a lesson." Of cricket there is the following mention:—

When I came to London in 1832, I often went to Lord's, and remember some of the remarkable men of the day. First, Beldham, who was born in 1766, and died in 1862. His first recorded match at Lord's was in June, 1787. . . . Mr. William Ward (the then father of cricket) I saw play on one occasion; he was bowled by Lillywhite, and his defence was good—he was then a large-boned, stout old man—stood very upright at the wicket. Mr. Aislabie, secretary of the club, was one of the fattest men I ever saw, when cased in flannels he looked like a barrel. Mr. A. Mynn was a giant; next to him as a fast bowler was Sir Frederick Bathurst. . . . Fuller Pilch was slim and graceful, his attitudes at the wickets were a study; he wore no pads! Indeed, pads were by no means general in those days.

White Cooper alludes to the number of Waterloo men he knew. There was Sir John Elley, a man of most powerful frame. He was said to have cut down at least seven cuirassiers at Waterloo, where he commanded the Blues. The writer of the journal was

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir Henry Edwardes.

also well acquainted with Captain Kiucaid, eminently distinguished in the Rifles, having led "two forlorn hopes" in the Peninsula.

He was a tall, stern-looking, but most amiable man. I remember on his being called upon to return thanks for his health being proposed, he got up, stammered, hesitated, and at last exclaimed, "By —, I'd rather lead a forlorn hope than make a speech, I can't do it!" and down he sat amidst uproarious applause.

Among White Cooper's patients were the Marquess of Anglesey, Sir William Gomm, quartermaster-general of Picton's "Fighting Division" at Waterloo, and Admiral William Walpole. There is a note about this last named, which says:—

He was a most gallant officer, he fought at Trafalgar in the Goliath. As a young officer he was so careless of danger from fire or water, that he went by the name of "Billy Hellblazes." He was a great ally of William IV. in early life, but they had not met for some years, when Admiral Walpole attended a *levée*. The king saw him approaching, and to the great amusement of the circle exclaimed loud enough to be heard by all around, "By —, here's Billy Hellblazes."

The Marquis of Anglesey told Mr. White Cooper the following incident, when showing him his collection of arms. He took up a handsome Eastern sabre, the gift of the Duke of Wellington, and related how it had stood him in the hour of need:—

During the Peninsula War Lord Paget with some cavalry were opposite to a body of French cavalry, but a truce of twenty-four hours was agreed on. The English were thus off their guard, and in the early morning the French broke the truce, and burst upon the unprepared English; a most desperate hand to hand encounter followed, and no quarter was asked or given. In the *mêlée* a huge French trooper rode at Lord Paget and made a desperate lunge at his body. His lordship avoided it by a twist, and as the fellow was carried past him by the impetus of his career, Lord Paget, standing in his stirrups, struck him with the full force of his powerful arm across the loins, severed the spine so that the trunk fell forward, leaving the lower quarters in the saddle.

Lord Charles Wellesley told Mr. White Cooper of a practical joke played upon Sir Sidney Smith by the Duke of Wellington, Colonel Felton Harvey, and some others. It appears that Sir Sidney, though brave as a lion, was a great boaster, and was especially addicted to talking of the important results to Christendom from his successful defence of Acre. They contrived that one evening after dinner he should receive a despatch purporting to be from the pope, enclosing a large iron key with a gay ribbon attached. His Holiness was made to say that, wishing to mark his sense of Sir Sidney Smith's services to Christendom, he sent him the insignia of a new order, the Order of the Iron Key created for the occasion. It is told how completely Sir Sidney was taken in by the hoax, which was kept up for some time, and only avowed when it was found necessary to prevent his wearing the key with his other orders at court.

I remember Mr. White Cooper telling me that Robert Brown, who was called by Humboldt *Botanicorum facile princeps*, was rather a crusty old gentleman. On one occasion when at the Athenæum he gave a curt reply to Crabb Robinson. The latter addressed him in a fussy way, saying, "Oh, Mr. Brown, I have just heard of the death of (so-and-so), and I assure you I feel as if I had one foot in the grave myself." "Then keep the other out of it," was the answer of the learned botanist, resuming his pen. I am sorry to say that Mr. White Cooper did not appreciate my dear old friend Crabb Robinson. He said he was apt to be a bore at the club, and sometimes bothered people by talking when they did not want to listen. He was a great talker, and, what was more, when the torrent of his words stopped, he would often in his later years fall asleep, and snore with a sustained rhythmic power that commanded attention. Mr. White Cooper confessed that sometimes at the club he let fall a ponderous volume close to the sleeper, with such a crash that perforce he awoke, but then with recruited energy Crabb Robinson would

resume his talk! So did Nemesis punish the man of mischief!

White Cooper in his early career rarely omitted to attend the annual meetings of the British Association. Writing to his wife, he thus mentions the meeting at Southampton in 1846:—

At the *table d'hôte* yesterday were Lord Northampton, Dr. Whewell, the Bishop of Norwich (Stanley), Colonels Sabine and Sykes, Wheatstone, Professor Clerk (of Cambridge), Daubeny, Sir John Richardson, Sir John Ross, Professor Owen, Sir Philip Egerton, Spence, etc. After dinner we adjourned to the Victoria Rooms. At half past eight Sir Roderick Murchison ushered in Prince Albert. Besides the before-named on the platform were Lord Winchester, Lord Palmerston, The Speaker, Sir John Herschel, Lord Rosse, Sir Henry De la Beche, Leonard Horner, Buckland, Agassiz, Faraday, Schonbein, Oersted, and other distinguished foreigners. Herschel vacated the chair for Murchison, who forthwith spoke for two hours, and gave a most admirable analysis of the scientific discoveries of the last year. Lord Palmerston then in a very frothy and "ore rotundo" sort of speech got miserably out of his depth. Lord Northampton seconded the motion of thanks, and would say "Mr. Murchison," in spite of nudges and winks; at last Lord Palmerston shouted "Sir Roderick, you mean." Lord Northampton said that England, the strength of whose arms were known to foreign states, now desired to receive the foreigners in her arms—and a jolly armful she would have!

The Southampton meeting was distinguished not only for the brilliancy of the gathering, but for the peace and good-will that signalized the proceedings throughout. Matters were very different when the association had met at York two years before. Then the greatest excitement prevailed in consequence of the acrimonious conduct of the Dean of York, who, together with many of the clergy, was violently opposed to modern scientific investigations.

It is curious to note the active intolerance of public opinion just fifty years ago. It appears that at the meeting of 1844 the dean read at one of the sections a paper entitled "Remarks

on some Passages in Dr. Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatise*;" so far, so good. But great was the surprise and indignation of the scientists, when the paper was published by the dean the day after it was read, with the amended title of "Defence of the Bible against the British Association." This was indeed throwing down the gage of battle to the several reverend professors of geology. In the correspondence before me it is recorded as the opinion of Owen, who was present, that "Sedgwick made a beautiful reply, exposing the utter and gross ignorance of the learned Dean of York." Those who would enter the fortress of Truth should remember that the watchword is Tolerance!

When the British Association for the Advancement of Learning was in its vigor, a club of some of the younger members was founded by Edward Forbes, Owen, Andrew Ramsay, Playfair, Henfrey, and others. They called themselves the "Red Lions." A very jovial set of fellows they were, judging from the faint echoes of their proceedings which reached the exoteric world. They might have taken that wise saw for their motto, that says, "he who is not a fool sometimes, is a fool always." Anyhow, these *illuminati* had their pleasant nonsense. At their dinners they aimed at plain-living; a speech was termed "a roar;" every speaker—"a quadruped." It must have been droll enough to hear such a man as Dr. Falconer, the paleontologist, get up to answer Fergusson, learned in the architecture of all time, and say, "The roar just made by that respectable quadruped, etc." White Cooper mentions being their guest on September 2, 1848. I do not think that these noble quadrupeds often admitted mere bipeds to their feasts. For instance, I never heard of the then Dean of York dining with them. Of the original club of the Red Lions as they were in the golden age, I think only two survive, namely, Lord Playfair and Mr. Van Voorst, the publisher.

*Apropos* of the king of beasts, I remember sitting next Mr. White Cooper

at his own table, when he told me the following story about Sir Edwin Landseer. One morning before the latter was out of bed, there came a knock at his door; Sir Edwin, rather surprised, called out, "Who's there?" "Please, sir, have you ordered a lion?" was the reply. "Ordered a what?" "A lion, sir, 'cos there's one come to the back door, but he doesn't know whether you ordered him or not." "Oh, very well, take him in," said the artist, who pitchforked on his clothes and hurried down greatly puzzled as to what he should find. The fact was, a splendid lion at the Zoological Gardens, called Albert, had just died from inflammation of the lungs, and at the timely request of some friend the defunct animal was sent by earliest despatch to Sir Edwin. The grisly monarch stretched at length, as he was upon the stones of the court, furnished the subject of Landseer's famous picture of the "Desert," exhibited in 1849.

This story led to another connected with the Zoo. Mr. White Cooper had doubtless met with some curious patients in his time, but for a rough customer, a certain huge grizzly bear, who hailed from Sierra Nevada, might take the cake—as schoolboys say. As a matter of fact, however, poor Bruin could no longer see to take his cakes from an admiring public, for he was afflicted with cataract in both eyes. The eminent oculist being extremely fond of animals, consented to operate—under chloroform! The animal resisted the preliminary arrangements, and his cries and roarings excited the animals all round. Near by was a cheetah whose leg, it seems, had been amputated some time before under chloroform, and he was greatly excited by the smell of the fluid and the noise. A large sloth on the other side joined in the din; some leopards and laughing hyænas added to the general uproar. Under these strange surroundings the surgeon did his work, and happily with perfect success. The next morning the poor beast showed his satisfaction by staring about with great composure, and finally sat up to lick his paws,

humming to himself, as contented bears often do when reflecting on the problems of life.

The greatest animal lover in White Cooper's circle of intimate friends was Frank Buckland. Cooper had been his father's guest during the meeting of the British Association in 1847, and there saw the young naturalist for the first time. On one occasion, walking with some ladies in the garden, to their dismay they came upon a snake, which no sooner scuttled away, than a second, a third, with more to follow, made their appearance. Frank had some thirty harmless snakes in a box, and it seems they had escaped at an inopportune moment. Young Buckland's chief pet at the time was a young bear, whose birthplace was Mount Lebanon, but whose education was to be at Oxford, where he is traditionally remembered to this day. At the Association meeting he figured amusingly at breakfasts and luncheons, and the learned Dr. Daubeny, always the kindest of men, invited him to assist at an evening party.

Bruin had nothing of the shyness of an undergraduate, and thoroughly enjoyed his social advantages, even presuming to put his paws on the knees of the ladies. He was then about the size of a setter dog. "As time went on," said Mr. White Cooper, "Tiglath Pilesoch, as he was called, increased in stature, but not in wisdom; and Frank Buckland received a formal intimation that if the bear did not leave the university, he must." Poor Bruin was rusticated, and died of a broken heart at the Zoo; he could no more do without society than could Sydney Smith or any other diner out!

I do not think that White Cooper ever met Sydney Smith; but the notebook contains a story of the only occasion on which Professor Owen and the great wit ever found themselves in each other's company. Owen was at a dinner given by Sir Robert Peel to the king of Saxony.

Sydney Smith, also one of the guests, kept up during dinner and after such a fire of jokes and witticism as to attract the

attention of the king. Dr. Buckland sat next to him, and was explaining to those around how Owen had described a whole bird from the small fragment of a bone. "Ah, that was Owen's *Magnum Bonum*," at once exclaimed Sydney.

A few years later Professor Owen was again dining with Sir Robert Peel. It was on the 9th of April, 1848, the eve of the memorable Chartist demonstration. He told White Cooper that there were only six guests, and that there was a cloud over the whole party, as no one knew what the morrow might bring forth. In the evening Sir Robert produced a series of engravings illustrative of the horrors of the French Revolution; these were looked over, and the party separated.

The following afternoon [said Owen] I walked to Whitehall Gardens to leave my card on Sir Robert Peel. In the Strand I saw a remarkable-looking man striding rapidly along and gesticulating fiercely. This was "Dick Steele," Fergus O'Connor's lieutenant, who was then on his way to throw himself over Waterloo Bridge in despair at the collapse of the whole affair of the Chartists' demonstration. He was dragged out of the water alive, but died a few days later.

I remember Faraday telling me that he was enrolled as a special constable on this memorable 10th of April. Owen too served his country, as the following note from Mr. White Cooper's diary will show, but in another way:—

June 5, 1857. — To-day I dined with Professor Owen in company with Major Middleton, Captains Welch and Jordan, old comrades of the Artillery Company. Curious enough all five of us had stood in the ranks at the coronation of Queen Victoria, all bearing muskets. . . . Mr. Owen told me that a few days after he had joined the corps a Chartist row was expected, and he was summoned to attend before he had a uniform. A very large man lent him a coat, which was so much too big that it would almost have gone twice round him; however, he wore it, and was put on guard at Bunhill Row gate. Whilst standing there, he began to count the movements of the jaws of the sheep as they ruminated; and observed that the movements were always

in one direction, and numbered from thirty-three to thirty-seven, the average thirty-five, between each swallow.

This reminds one of the generally accredited statement that Mr. Gladstone owes his splendid health to the fact that, obeying the wisdom of instinct, so rarely known to err, he gives thirty-two bites to every morsel he swallows. It was very characteristic of Owen that he should take note of what most men would never see or think about. Whether standing at guard in expectation of a Chartist row or looking tranquilly from his own study window in his cottage at Richmond, he was keenly observant of the habits and ways of animals. One day he was greatly excited, White Cooper relates, by seeing an immense herd of deer file along at the bottom of his garden. He discovered that the gale of the preceding night had blown down a large oak-tree. The deer, without loss of time, collected around to eat the bark. They soon completely stripped the branches of what was nuts to them. The question was, how did they know the tree was down?

White Cooper gives an amusing account of the visit of the German scientist Dr. Kaup, who was at one time over here studying ichthyology at the British Museum. Like Owen he was an enthusiast about animals, and seeing the capabilities of the "Wilderness" at Owen's cottage, he offered to send over a hundred tree-frogs to stock the place.

Owen was in raptures. I never saw any hobby mounted with such zest. He pointed out the trees that they should be put upon, and the pump under which they should hibernate. . . . To be sure, as Dr. Kaup observed, they do make a great row all night long—an odd sort of loud twang—but "the family," he thought, "would get used to it." The subject of the bull frog was touched upon, but it was agreed to give the others a trial first, so as not to have too many irons in the fire, or frogs in the water.

Owen had early acquired the reputation of knowing about out-of-the-way sort of creatures; one day no less a



person than Turner asked him for a cuttle-fish. "I can give you one in spirits in a bottle," replied the anatomist. "That won't do, I want to see its colors," said the artist. It appears that hereupon Owen turned to his library and took some trouble in showing him an Italian book in which all the hues of the cuttle-fish were depicted most carefully. When Turner had seen what he wanted, he curtly said:—

"Thank you, that'll do; if you like to come and see my pictures I shall be glad to see you." Owen gave White Cooper a curious account of what happened subsequently. Emerson, who was just then in England, had expressed to Owen a great wish to see Turner in his studio. Accordingly, acting on the invitation, Owen took his American friend to Queen Anne Street, where the artist resided. The house looked extremely dilapidated, and some time elapsed before the door was opened; then the veriest old hag peered round at them suspiciously, took their cards with some show of reluctance, leaving them to wait outside. When she reappeared she opened the door a little wider, and told them to go up-stairs. They found their way to the studio, and Turner received them remarking, "You may stay as long as you like, but I'm busy."

Owen related that they remained about an hour, and then, expressing their thanks, were about to leave, when Turner opened a cupboard, and producing a decanter with a broken neck, and the remnants of some sherry, offered Emerson a very little wine in a solitary wine-glass, which other lips had visibly touched. The embarrassed visitors got through the ordeal of passing the loving-cup as well as they could! Owen said that whenever he repeated this story to artists who had known Turner, they invariably remarked that the refreshment part was almost incredible, for he had never been known to offer hospitality to any one.

In a recent conversation with my friend Dr. Prior, the botanist, he told me that Liebreich, the eminent oculist, affirmed that Turner became color blind. He said that the progress of

the disease as age advanced can be traced in his pictures according to the date of their production; adding, that if some of Turner's paintings are looked at through a blue-tinted glass, the true coloring of nature appears restored.

Those who remember, like the present writer, the genial hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. White Cooper in the Fifties, and later, will recall many pleasant gatherings of noteworthy people in Berkeley Square, so long their home. Our host had the reputation, which counts for so much in society, of being an admirable *raconteur*. He had known all sorts and conditions of men, and had had many curious experiences—experiences belonging almost exclusively to his profession. With this knowledge of human nature—*de profundis*—he was a philosopher, but, happily, no pessimist. There was light and shadow in his talk—realism plumed with the feathers of imagination—as commonplace talk should be. There was, besides all this, another side to White Cooper's character: he was a true lover of nature. The primeval instincts of old Adam the gardener—instincts of beatitude, which return to us midst the glory and the shame of civilization, led him kindly and safely back to the desire for country pursuits. His letters to his wife are full of his inner thoughts and fancies, for in all things she was his *alter ego*; in one of these, dated May, 1852, he expresses the great longing he has to possess a cottage in the country, but near enough to town for him to run up to his professional work.

And then I could go back [he writes] take off my coat and dig—ay, plant potatoes and prune espaliers, besides watering the roses and mignonette and hunting for violets where there will be such a clump of fine fellows.

The ideal cottage and garden were not yet attainable, but "patience, and the mulberry-tree becomes satin," as the proverb says. The decade of the Fifties was for him a period of untiring devotion to his professional labors. A large proportion of the work that Cooper contributed to the literature of

ophthalmic surgery was written at this time. In fact, many public as well as professional duties served to keep the busy doctor residentially in London.

The outbreak of the Crimean War, and the general uneasiness felt at the miserable mismanagement of affairs, is recorded almost day by day in White Cooper's note-book. He reports how the news from the seat of war was received at the clubs, in society, and in the streets. To read this diary is like placing one's finger on the throbbing pulse of the time, and to hear again the moan of sorrow and the fierce cry of indignation over victories so dearly bought. It is all matter of history now, but words written at the time, while the future was uncertain, pull at one's heart-strings. A letter full of important information appears transcribed in the note-book. It was written by Mr. Bostock, chief surgeon of the Fusilier Guards, and begins thus:—

CAMP BEFORE SEVASTOPOL.  
Jan. 1, 1855.

MY DEAR COOPER, — We have now been absent from England ten months, and it has been my fortune to witness more glorious deeds of valor, more misery, and a greater destruction of human life crowded together in that short time than probably ever took place in any former campaign. I need not dwell upon our unfortunate occupation of Bulgaria, where so many of our brave fellows were swept away by cholera. . . . I had seen epidemic cholera in India, but never anything equal to this in malignancy.

The perusal of the letter reminds me that a few years later I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bostock on the occasion of a dinner-party at their house, and sat between my host and Mr. White Cooper. Some allusion having been made to the experiences of the former in connection with cholera, he related the following incident, which I give in his own words:—

We unfortunately brought the cholera with us from Bulgaria [said Mr. Bostock] a few fatal cases having occurred on board the transport across the Black Sea, as well as after we landed on the Crimea at the "Old Fort." I was anxious about it, and my anxiety was much increased when as

we passed through vineyards I found the whole regiment indulging *ad libitum* in grapes which were just ripe. Men could be seen returning into camp loaded with fruit, having turned their shirts into sacks to hold a good supply. I feared that this indulgence would produce fresh attacks. On the contrary, this addition to our pickled pork and ship biscuits was most beneficial, as it supplied the element in the diet which had been long deficient.

While speaking of the benefits to be derived from eating fresh fruit, I mentioned an incident related to me by Dr. Rae, the Arctic traveller. It appeared that on a march, when several of their number were sick and suffering, they came upon a bank where the sun had partially melted the snow, revealing thereby a bed of cranberries. It was a welcome sight, and the berries were eagerly seized upon and largely eaten, with the result of a great improvement in the health of the whole party.

Reverting again to the Crimean days, I heard much that was interesting from Mr. Bostock—things of sad and sorrowful interest; then giving a less serious tone to the conversation, Mr. Cooper told us of a letter he had received at the time. His correspondent described that the steeplechases got up in the Crimea by the English were a great success. The French officers were delighted with the riding at the course, but they objected to—*les obstacles*.

The conversation now turned upon Professor Owen, and Mr. White Cooper referred to the early days of their acquaintance. When Owen was assistant-curator at the College of Surgeons, he occupied a room behind the college in Portugal Street.

Many a pleasant hour [said Cooper] have I passed in that little room listening to a sonata of Corelli, and enjoying a frugal supper served by the queer, faithful old Irishwoman who was Owen's only servant, and who never could recollect names. On one such evening Owen was examining the fossil jaw of a kangaroo, and scraping away with a penknife, he uttered an exclamation of delight, for he had discovered—an unborn tooth.

It was a matter of great rejoicing to

Owen's friends when he was after much doubt and difficulty, called upon to fill the post of director of the natural history department of the British Museum.

The opening lecture was given on the 27th of February; I was present and have a vivid recollection of the scene, for it was a very brilliant gathering. Nearly all the geologists, and not a few of the leaders of fashion, had come to hear the professor *speak*—not read, for he was suffering from ophthalmia, and White Cooper had forbidden him to look at a single note! The audience gained thereby; for Owen was full of his subject. The power of eloquence to enforce conviction was never more happily shown in a scientific statement. The fossil bones that he selected by way of illustration became living structures to the mind's eye, and the illimitable periods of geologic time rolled away into a vastness that held us spellbound. Owen had a manner of gesticulating with outstretched arm and distended hand that was quite peculiar in its expression of insistence. When there was an opponent in the lists—a Huxley for his foe—then there might be a tournament of words that would suggest “chunks of old red sandstone” flying about; on this occasion, however, Owen was in his scientific pulpit and had everything his own way—even then he was grand!

Professor Owen did not return to Richmond after the lecture, but slept at Mr. White Cooper's. During the quiet evening the friends passed together, “Owen was in a very communicative mood, talking, amongst other matters, of Cuvier,” whose acquaintance he made in 1830. The distinguished Frenchman being “a far-seeing man,” and not liking the political aspect at home, took the timely opportunity of coming over to London for purposes of study. This was shortly before “the glorious three days of July,” when barricades and bullets were the order of the day. When Cuvier left England he asked Owen to come and see him at the Jardin des

Plantes, if he was ever in Paris, and the following year the latter went over there, taking lodgings at an old-fashioned hotel near the Jardin.

“I had free admission,” said Owen, “to the gardens, and used to go there at six o'clock in the morning, where I generally found Cuvier at work in a dirty linen apron and sleeves. At that time he was engaged in the examination of fish.”

Owen's lecture the day after this conversation was a defence of the Cuvierian system, and an exposition of the “Power of God” as manifested in the high antiquity of this world. White Cooper's enthusiastic account of the reception of the lecture entirely agrees with my own recollection.

The prince consort attended a subsequent lecture, when Owen dwelt principally on the building up of the glyptodon and megatherium. The Marquess of Lansdowne—Tom Moore's marquess—was on this occasion seated next the prince, and, owing perhaps to the crowded state of the theatre, fell asleep. We all saw that he received divers suggestive nudges from his royal neighbor, but continued in blissful repose. Presently his hat slipped from his hand and fell with obtrusive clatter; the fine old gentleman was equal to the occasion; he picked up his hat, bowed to the prince, and immediately, with an air of assiduous interest, adjusted his glasses as if he had been interrupted in an examination of the diagrams on the screen. After the lecture the prince remained in conversation with Professor Owen, visiting the museum under his direction, closely examining certain fossils and other objects that illustrated the subject of the discourse. Science was in the height of fashion in those days, and preened her wings under the observance of the most cultured of royal princes.

In 1859, Mr. White Cooper had the honor of being selected by Sir James Clark, on the recommendation of Sir Benjamin Brodie, for the post of surgeon-oculist to the queen. The year following was also a year of mark, for circumstances permitted Mr. Cooper to make for himself and family the coun-

try retreat he had so long desired. He found a cottage with delightful possibilities, a place surrounded by an open common on one side, and rich woodlands on the other. Fernacres Cottage, Fulmer, is only four miles from Slough, and here, in convenient proximity to town, some of the happiest days of our friend's life were spent in the congenial occupation of tending his roses with an amount of zeal and success worthy of Dean Hole. When a guest at "the cottage" I remember thinking how rich the neighborhood was in associations. Denham is within a drive, Sir Humphry Davy delighted in the place, calling it his "beloved pastoral retreat." In the course of an afternoon my hostess pointed out to me places connected with Waller, Dryden, Burke, and Gray — Gray's churchyard — truly a sweet and time-honored district!

It was a curious coincidence that a house in the immediate neighborhood of the cottage was connected with the forebears of Cooper's life-long friend, Owen. Fulmer Place had been built in 1742 by the great-grandfather of the scientist, and had descended to Richard Owen's father; but he was forced to sell the estate, having been ruined by the American War. The note-book I have so often referred to gives an account of a visit paid by Owen to the home of his ancestors. White Cooper had driven his friend from the station, and shortly after their arrival at the cottage they walked off to see Fulmer Place. It was an afternoon in those early days of November, which have a charm all their own. Above were broken clouds fringed with opalescence, on the earth lingered in decay the rich golden hues of autumn, over all was the tender grace of what hath been but is no more! A fitting time and season to revisit a passed-away ancestral home.

We paused for a moment [writes White Cooper] on crossing the Common where the tower of the church first comes into view in the centre of the beautifully wooded hollow. As he walked on, Owen men-

tioned his recollection of his father telling him, that when he was a little boy he helped to lead his grandfather, who was nearly blind, down to the fish-ponds at Fulmer Place, to feed the carp. After passing the village and turning across the fields, the six large fish-ponds came into view. . . . We turned down towards them, Owen walking with eager steps. "Ah," said he, "I can fancy that was the very spot where the old man stood as he fed the fish." We lingered hereabouts for some time, then strolled to the garden almost in silence — to the garden where stands an enormous tree, known as the Balm of Gilead Pine. This, likely enough, was planted by Owen's great-grandfather, Richard Eskrigge, and certainly from its age was coeval with him. The house had been completely remodelled with great taste — but it was with the past that Owen was most interested. He examined the outline of the boundary wall, which could not have been altered; he put a fragment of a brick in his pocket, and I gathered a twig of an old Scotch fir, which he carried away. We then walked through the village home, my friend expressing the satisfaction he felt at having realized at length that which had been ever since he came to London — his most earnest hope.

During his summer sojourn at the cottage, it was White Cooper's habit to come up to town every day, often travelling in company with his neighbor at Upton, Mr. George Bentley. In a letter under date March 27th, 1894, my friend Mr. Bentley thus responds to an inquiry of mine relative to his recollection of the late Sir William White Cooper: —

He and I for many years travelled up and down in summer and autumn time. He was always an interesting companion, observant, not hasty in speech, a kind and considerate man. A man to whom you could entrust a secret, certain of its preservation. He told me several interesting matters in connection with his profession, in the course of which he saw and treated Lord Palmerston, whose nerve under a painful operation he spoke highly of. At Mr. White Cooper's house I met Owen, and had the opportunity of observing the child-like simplicity of that interesting man. Those who knew Mr. Cooper slightly could scarce believe the dramatic power he had. A story in his hands gained wonder-

fully by his telling it, and by the mobility and expression of his face. He was an all-round good fellow, and a gentleman in the high Christian sense of the word.

It was said of Fontenelle that he had as good a heart as can be made out of brains; this sort of heart never makes true friends. A far more genuine source of courtesy and kindness brought round White Cooper a number of valued and attached friends. Amongst these were the Buckland family, Mr. and Mrs. Bompas, the Brodies, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Geraldine Jewsbury, and Mr. Sidney—the squire—rector of a Suffolk parish, who wrote the life of his relative, Lord Hill. Mr. Sidney was one of the many good talkers at the dinners at 19 Berkeley Square. He had a fund of anecdote, and delighted in telling a good rustic story. Professor Ella, remembered chiefly for making the “Musical Union,” a fashionable institution in its day, was also not an infrequent guest. I remember once sitting next to him at dinner, when I bethought me from his conversation that he must certainly know every single being whose name is in the book of life—as some irreverent person designated “the Peerage.” One of his stories I remember: “Her Grace” asked Mr. Ella for advice in musical language for her daughter, who was about to be introduced. His reply, he told me, was “*C* sharp and *B* natural.”

On another occasion I was present in Berkeley Square at a dinner given specially in honor of the eminent German oculist, Liebreich. It was not long after the horrors of the Paris Commune. Liebreich, who had practised in Paris for more than twenty years, had been obliged to seek shelter in England on the outbreak of the Franco-German war. His house, including his valuable books, collections, and instruments, was destroyed by the mob. Great sympathy was shown to this distinguished man by his English *confrères*. I shall never forget the expression of Liebreich's face: there was an air of profound melancholy behind the forced smile of sociability.

Amongst the anecdotes told by our host that evening was one given on the authority of Chief Justice Erle. He told Mr. White Cooper that when Lord Campbell was summing up at the trial of Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, the following incident occurred: When the judge continued to state the case strongly against Palmer, the latter wrote on a scrap of paper, “I should like to give the old rascal two grains of strychnine.” This was handed up to Serjeant Shee, his counsel, who subsequently told Sir William Erle.

Mr. White Cooper is never more amusing than when he hits off a character in a few lines. It appears that Mr. S. C. Hall consulted him from time to time, and Mr. Cooper invariably refused to take any fees.

His verbal gratitude was very effusive; he appeared almost to weep with emotion when we met. But though I supplied him with many “recollections” for his book, especially in reference to the Countess of Essex (*née* Miss Stephens), he never even gave me a copy. After the death of his wife, he told me that “her spirit was constantly with him.” I asked him “how?” In the early morning a cloud appeared at the foot of the bed, and assumed the form and aspect of his wife. He said he always acted upon the advice she gave him; her spirit had advised him to consult me again about his eyes.

One might add that though by illusion she was sent—like Johnny Gilpin's wife she had a thrifty mind. But the note-book has more noteworthy records; as time goes on it tells of weekly dinners at the Athenæum, when choice spirits met, and Charles Hawkins, Ogle, Farr, and Owen told incidents of Whewell, Sedgwick and others.

There is a brief record of Cooper being at Sheen Lodge, when Carlyle, accompanied by Mr. Froude, called to take “final leave” of Owen. The man who had blown the loud blast before the fortress of shams and humbug was no longer himself; he “groaned as he walked up the path, supported on either side by Froude and Owen.” It is better there should be no lingering



record of those failing days, when the silver cord is loosed, and the pitcher broken at the fountain !

We may turn rather to an earlier page, where occurs the incident of the meeting of three men, all at the time in the vigor of their intellect.

I remember [writes White Cooper] finding George Lewes and Huxley at Sheen Lodge. A sharp discussion was going on between Owen and Huxley about the brain of apes and man. Lewes argued in favor of Huxley's view, and pressed Owen so closely that I saw the (to me) well-known shadow of annoyance in his face, and he abruptly closed the subject. Lewes was a man of great information ; no one could advance a proposition or opinion without being called upon to support it, and sometimes this was rather vexing.

The mention of Lewes recalls to my mind what a friend of mine said who knew him well. "Lewes is clever—very clever—but his intellectual account is closed."

With respect to the dispute about the brain of apes and man, I remember, as long ago as the meeting of the British Association in 1854, Owen gave a paper showing the vital difference between ourselves and our poor relations. Sir Roderick Murchison, who walked out of the lecture-room with me, observed laughingly : "Well, I never knew till this day that apes and men *were* so much alike."

A whisper to the Past through the telephone of Memory brings many echoes, but I must remember that my pen is still within the limitations of time and space. I can only give one more extract—a letter, the last letter White Cooper was destined to receive from Sir Richard Owen. The younger man was already nearing the valley of the dark shadow.

SHEEN LODGE, RICHMOND PARK.  
March 7, 1886.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, — When I recall our adventures in the Dutch Museum with the whales and their dislocated shoulders, the excursion to Baden Weiler, etc., it seems as if we had lived an unusually long time in this varied scene of existence. The sight of your handwriting always gives me pleasure, and both sister and I were glad

to infer that your dear wife and the children, now grown up, were all in good force. Your allusion to the lecture on Egyptian medical skill brought to mind the loss which the British Museum has sustained in one of my much-esteemed colleagues there, Dr. S. Birch, to whom the rich and instructive collections from Egypt and Babylon are mainly due. I had not heard of the failure of Tyndall's health ; as a lively and instructive lecturer Albemarle Street will feel his loss, if by Gull's skill he be not restored to his old force. I am, and have been quietly by the fireside, contemplating, as on the 1st of March, the brilliant snow-garment of my surroundings. Occupation is not wanting. The Natural History Museum sent for me to inspect a series of fossils from "Lord Howe's Island"—a desert tract of six miles by one mile in extent, about 250 miles from Australia. The results, geological, of a Government Mission from Sydney were transmitted thence to South Kensington. My neighbor, Chadwick, drove me there in his close carriage, and after noting the larger specimens I brought away some smaller fossils, sent for Engleben to draw them, and have finished a paper for the R. S. on a genus of toothless six-horned dragon. Its remains were completely petrified in a rock of coral sandstone, indicating the island to be a remnant of a larger tract in old times. The post brings me daily letters, tracts, books from all quarters of the world. I keep up pleasant correspondence also with my grandchildren. So with kindest regards to you and all with you,

I rest affectionately yours,

RICHARD OWEN.

This interesting letter is a transcript of the writer's vivid and sustained interest in life, though already in the eighty-third year of his age ! Owen's valued friend, to whom so many bright letters had been written during their fifty years of intimacy, was at this time in very failing health. In the autumn of 1884 White Cooper fell seriously ill and remained for several weeks at Fernacres Cottage. It was during this trying time that he received a kind and most gracious visit from the queen. In their obituary notice of Sir William White Cooper, the *Lancet* mentions the circumstance : —

When White Cooper was confined to his

bed at his country residence near Slough, the queen drove over from Windsor to see him and condescended to pay him a visit in his room, such was her regard for him and such was the interest her Majesty evinced in his recovery and welfare.

White Cooper received the honor of knighthood only a few days before his death, which took place on the 1st of June, 1886. His threescore years and ten bear the record of

True service rendered, duties done  
In charity ; soft speech, and stainless days.  
These riches shall not fade away in life,  
Nor any death dispraise.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

I.  
THE DAYS OF IGNORANCE.

WHO wrote the first historical novel ? The orthodox, and perhaps on the whole the sufficient, answer to this is, Xenophon. And indeed the "*Cyropædia*" does in many ways answer to the description of a historical novel better than anything, at least anything extant, before it, and as well as most things for more than two thousand years after it. It is true that even nowadays hardly the most abandoned devotee of the instructive novel, would begin a book with such a sentence as, "It occurred to us once upon a time how many democracies have come to an end at the hands of those who wished to have some kind of constitution other than a democracy." But perhaps that is only because we are profoundly immoral and sophisticated, while the Greeks were straightforward and sincere. For the very novelist who artfully begins with a scrap of dialogue, or a description of somebody looking over a gate, or a pistol shot, or a sunset, or a tea-party, will before many pages are turned plunge you fathoms deeper than ever classical plummet can have sounded in disquisition and dulness. Still, there is no doubt that not merely on this earliest, but on every early example of the kind there

weighed a certain character of amateurishness and novitiate. Not till within the present century, in the hands of Miss Austen and Scott, did prose fiction of any kind shake itself entirely free from the trammels of secondary purpose, without at the same time resigning itself to the mere concoction of amusing or exciting adventure. Even Fielding, though he would let nothing interfere with his story, thought it desirable to interlard and accompany it with moral and philosophical disquisitions.

It is not therefore wonderful that Xenophon, who was quite a different person from Fielding, and was moreover simply exploring an untried way, should have subordinated his novel to his political purpose. In fact it is perhaps rather excessive to regard him as having intentionally written a novel, in our sense, at all. He wanted to write a political treatise ; he was a pupil of Socrates ; and vastly as the Socrates of Plato and the Socrates of Xenophon differ, they agree in exhibiting a strong predilection for the use of fictitious, or semi-fictitious literary machinery for the conveyance of philosophical truth. The "*Cyropædia*" is in fact a sort of "*Emile*" of antiquity, devoted to the education of a king instead of a private person. It may even be argued that such romantic elements as it does contain (the character, or at least personage, of Panthea, the rivalry of Araspes and Abradatas, and so forth), are introduced less for any attraction they may give to the story than for the opportunities they afford to Cyrus of displaying the proper conduct of a ruler. And it is scarcely necessary to say that the actual historical element in the book is very small indeed, scarcely extending beyond the parentage, personality, and general circumstances of the hero.

Such as the book is, however, it is the nearest approach to the kind that we have from classical times. Some indeed would have it that Quintus Curtius has taken nearly as great liberties with the destroyer as Xenophon did with the founder of the Persian mon-

archy ; but the things obviously belong to different kinds. The "Cyropædia" is a philosophical romance for which its author has chosen to borrow a historic name or two ; the other (if, indeed, its author was a real classical writer and not a mere re-arranger of mediæval fable) is a history which admits unhistorical and romantic details. Nor can any of the extant Greek romances, as they are generally called, be said to possess a historical complexion. They may sometimes, for the convenience of the authors, allude more or less slightly to historical facts ; but their general story and their characters have nothing to do with anything of the kind. The remarkable adventures of the conventional pair of lovers need no such admixture ; and Anthea, Chariclea, Leucippe, Chloe, and Hysmine are won and lost and won again without any but glances (if even that) at historical characters or incidents. Some things in Lucian's "True History" and other burlesques have led to the idea that the historical novel may have been more fully represented in works that have perished ; but there is little evidence of this.

It does not require very long or elaborate reflection to show that things could not well have been different. The attraction of historical subjects in fiction, for the writer to some extent and still more for the reader, depends entirely upon the existence of a considerable body of written history, and on the public acquaintance with it. Now, although erudite inquiry has sufficiently shown that the ancients were by no means so badly off for books as it pleased Dr. Johnson and others to assume, it is perfectly certain that they cannot possibly have had such a body of history. Except some scraps of chiefly Persian chronicle and a certain knowledge of affairs in Egypt, the Greeks had no history but their own, and this latter they were making and writing, not reading. They left the Romans a little more, but not much. There was thus little for a Roman, and next to nothing for a Greek Scott or Dumas to go upon even had he existed ;

no materials to work up, no public taste, imagination, or traditions to appeal to. Even if instincts and desires of the kind did suggest themselves to any one, the natural region in which it was sought to gratify them was mythology, not history, while the natural medium was verse, not prose. Apuleius, who worked up the legend of Cupid and Psyche so charmingly, might, no doubt, if it had occurred to him, have done something of the same kind with Appius and Virginia, with the expulsion of the Pisistratidæ, with a hundred other Greek and Roman incidents of romantic capabilities. He would have had, too, the immense advantage of being (modern as he was in a way) on the right side of the gulf, of being, as our jargon has it, more or less "in touch" with his subjects, and of being free from the laborious and yet ineffectual gropings which have marred all post-mediæval attempts at the historical novel with a classical theme. But he did not ; and if he did not there was certainly no one else who was likely to do it. The historical novel of Greece is, as we have seen, a philosophical treatise ; the historical novel of Rome is an epic, an epic differing in merit as "Æneid" from "Thebaid" and "Thebaid" from "Bellum Punicum," but still alike in being an epic, and not a novel.

When the kind revives after the deluge of the barbarians it shows us one of the most curious and interesting evidences of the strange fertilizing power of that deluge. The very identical separation which in some five centuries dissolves and precipitates Latin into romance, begets the romance itself at the same time. No doubt the new historical novels at first seem to be epics, like their predecessors, in so far as they had any. They are first in verse ; but before very long they are in prose also. And what is more, one of the most essential and formative characteristics of the historical novel appears in them. The Virgils and their followers had gone a thousand years back for their subjects ; even Silius Italicus had selected his at a prudent distance of hun-

dreds. But the epics (before very long to become prose romances of the Carolingian and Arthurian cycles) attack comparatively recent times; and when the Crusades begin, by one of the most interesting things in literature, contemporary event actually transforms itself into romance. The story of fact seems to become alive, to twist itself out of the hands of the chronicler who has actually seen the fearsome host of the *Tafurs* before Antioch, and ridden "red-wet-shod" into Jerusalem. Moreover, it takes to itself all manner of strange legendary accretions, and becomes (as in "*Les Chétifs*" and other parts of the Crusading cycle) a historical novel with some personages and incidents strictly matter-of-fact, and others purely and obviously fictitious.

There is no more difficult question than that of deciding in exactly what manner these romances were received by our forefathers. These forefathers were not by any means fools, a dim consciousness whereof appears to be at last dawning on their descendants; though the belief that they were so may still survive in company with the kindred beliefs that they never took baths, that they were extremely miserable, and so forth. They knew perfectly well that these things were, as they said themselves, *trouvés*, invented, sometimes by the very person who sang or said them, always by somebody like him. At the same time they knew that there was a certain amount of historic truth about some of the personages. Probably (the gods not having made them critical about things where criticism could well be spared) they took in the thing pretty much the same delight that the modern reader takes in the mixture of truth and fiction which distinguishes the historical novel itself, and did not care to separate the constituents thereof.

It would take far too much space, and would be less strictly appropriate to a handling of the historical novel than to one of the romance generally, to sort out in any detail the different kinds of mediæval story and their exact relation to our particular kind. And

the investigation would be a little perplexed by the incurable mediæval habit of putting everything into verse, science as well as fiction, imagination as well as history. Perhaps the nearest approach to the historical novel proper is to be found in the Icelandic Sagas, where the best authorities seem to agree that simple and sober family and provincial history is tricked out in the most inextricable and bewildering manner with sheer Scaldic invention. But the explanation is, as I have already hinted, that criticism was not born or reborn. Some, I believe, would be well pleased if it never had been; but that is neither here nor there. Has not Professor Flint, the most learned and painstaking of investigators, just told us that he can find no trace of systematic historical criticism before Ibn Khaldun, that erudite Arab and contemporary of Chaucer? Now, as without a considerable stock of history and some general knowledge of it there is no material for the historical novel, so without a pretty distinct criticism of history, of what pretty certainly has happened as distinguished from what very certainly has not, it is impossible for this kind of novel to attain a distinct and separate existence. And you never (or at any rate very seldom) can put your finger on any part of any mediæval history, in prose or verse, whether it be avowedly chronicle or half avowedly fiction, and say, "Here the man consciously and deliberately left his facts and took to his fictions." The difficulty, the impossibility, as it seems to me, of satisfactorily tracing the origins of the Arthurian story lies precisely in this. Your Nennius, your Caradoc of Lancarvan even, very possibly, nay, most probably, believed that he was giving simple history. Perhaps your Archdeacon Walter (always supposing that he ever existed) did the same. But what are we to make of Geoffrey of Monmouth and persons like him? Was Geoffrey a merely uncritical chronicler, taking details from record and romance alike? Was he, whether plagiarist in the main, or plastic artist in the main, a

"maker," a conscious inventor? Or was he a historical novelist before his time, taking his facts from Nennius and Walter (if Walter there was), his inventions partly from Welsh and Breton poetry, partly from his own brains, and weaving it all into something like a whole? That is exactly what no one can say.

But I cling to my own contention that it is impossible to find out how much in the average mediæval writer was intended history, and how much deliberate romance, for the precise reason that he had never as a rule bent his mind to consider the difference between them. "The French book said" it or the Latin book, and he took the saying, comparatively indifferent to its source, and handed it on a little increased, or at any rate not diminished, like the thrifty personage at the beginning of the "Republic."

It will therefore be clear that so long as this attitude of mind prevailed no historical novel in the proper sense of the term was possible. History and romance passed into each other with too bewildering a metamorphosis; what is pedantically called "the respect of the document" was a thing too absolutely unknown. In the days when the Homeric tale of Troy expanded itself through Dictys and Dares, through Benoit de Sainte-More and Guido Colonna, into endless amplifications; when the already rather romantic Alexander of Curtius (always supposing the order not to be the reverse one) acquired twelve Paladins, and discovered the Fountain of Youth, and all but achieved the Earthly Paradise; when the merely poetical history of the "Chanson d'Antioche" branched off into the sheer legend of "Les Chétifs" and the endless imaginations of the "Chevalier au Cygne," there could be no special historical novel, because everything was at once novel and history. The peculiarities of romantic handling had become ingrained, were as it were inextricably blended with and joined to the literary forms in common use. Not merely a superhuman genius like Dante, when

he throws contemporary event and feeling into a form which seems to belong to all time or none, but lesser and more strictly practical persons like Froissart and Guillaume de Machault, when the one tells the contemporary prowess of the English in France in brilliant prose, and the other sings the contemporary exploits of Peter of Lusignan at Alexandria in not very ornate verse, share in the benefits or the drawbacks of this romantic atmosphere. Without any scuffling they change rapiers; and you cannot tell which is which.

A kind which the restless ingenuity and fertile invention of the Middle Ages had not discovered was very unlikely to find existence in the dulness of the fifteenth century. That age, so far as intellectual work is concerned, was occupied either in tedious imitation of the products of mediæval genius, or in laborious exhumation of the products of the genius of the ancients. To history proper it did not pay very much attention, and its chief achievement in fiction, the "Amadis" cycle, is mainly remarkable for the way in which it cuts itself altogether adrift from history. The older romances, in conformity with the stock tag of one of their writers about "the sayings and the doings and the ways of the ancestors," tried to bring themselves from time to time into a sort of contact with those central and accepted points of older romance which were almost history. But Lobeira or Montalvo, or whoever he was, with his or their followers, hardly do this at all. Their world of fantasy suffices them. And perhaps, if anybody likes critical paradox, they may be said to have in a way accelerated the real historical novel by rejecting, half unconsciously no doubt, the admixture of novel and history in the undistinguished and indistinguishable fashion of the Middle Ages.

The sixteenth century was too busy with the actual, and (in that which was not actual) with its marvellous outburst of poetry and drama, with its passionate devotion to religious, political, philosophical and other learning to pay much attention to the comparatively



frivolous department of prose fiction. Even if it had done so the old constraints and disabilities waited on it still. It was, however, getting rid of them pretty rapidly. It was accumulating a great mass of historical information which the press was spreading and making generally accessible; it was gradually forging and exercising itself with the weapons of criticism; and side by side with this exercise, it was developing the natural corrective and supplement in an intelligent and affectionate retrospect of the past from the literary point of view. This last is a thing of which we find little trace either in classical or in mediæval times. The most obvious ancient indications of it are to be found in Alexandria, that curious microcosm of the modern world, and especially in the writings of the Hellenist Jews; but it begins to appear or reappear in the sixteenth century, and with it comes the promise of the historical novel.

The promise, but not the performance. Among the scanty fiction of the sixteenth century the work of Rabelais and Cervantes (for though "Don Quixote" did not appear till a year or two after the century had arithmetically closed, it belongs thereto) towers with a supremacy not merely born of the want of rivals. But each is (so far as class goes) only a parody of the older and especially of the "Amadis" romances. The philosophical fictions, whether they be political like "Utopia" or social and educational like "Euphuës," are equally far from our subject, and obviously do but copy the forms of Plato and Xenophon. Nearly all the rest is but tale-telling, with an imitation of the Greek pastoral here and there, blended with other kinds as in "Arcadia" and "Astræa" and "Diana."

The immediate descendants of these latter did indeed in the next age attempt to give themselves historical form, or at any rate historical names; and the names if not the form prevailed for a considerable period. Indeed "Le Grand Cyrus" and "Cléopâtre" and "Clélie," if we take their

glances at the present as well as their nominal references to the past, are doubly historical; and this double appeal continued in the French novel for a long time. Thus the characters of the famous "Princesse de Clèves" (the first modern novel as some will have it to be) were all real persons, or most of them, once upon a time, as well as having real doubles in the court of Louis the Fourteenth. But it was in the latter, not in the former bearing of them that their original readers took interest, while the writers here and elsewhere cared not in the very least for any historical verisimilitude whatever. And this continued to be the case throughout the eighteenth century. The novel of sensibility, either out of mere habit or for some other reason, was rather fond of taking historical names, and even in a very broad and general way historical incidents to help it; but nothing could be less like the historical novel.

In England, as is very well known, the seventeenth century gave us, properly speaking, neither novel nor romance of the slightest importance. It allegorized; and on one occasion its allegory shot up into the mighty creation of "The Pilgrim's Progress." It pursued its explorations in fictitious political geography from "Utopia" to "Atlantis" and from "Atlantis" to "Oceana." It told a story or so as the humor took it. But it was not till the next century that the country which has since been the school of every kind of novel to every other country in Europe, and has in the past hundred and fifty years probably produced more novels than all the countries of Europe put together, began seriously to devote itself to the kind. And even then it did not for a long time discover the real historical novel. Defoe, indeed, hovered around and about this kind as he did around and about so many others. The "Memoirs of a Cavalier" is a historical novel almost full-fledged, and wanting only a stronger dramatic and personal element in it. That unequal and puzzling book "Roxana" is almost another; and if the "Memoirs

of Captain Carleton" are fiction, they may perhaps take rank with these, though at a greater distance. But either Defoe's own incurable tendency to mystification, or the appetite of the time seems to have imposed upon him the need of pretending that everything which he wrote was true in the first place; while in the second he never attained to that important variety of the novelist's art which consists in detaching and isolating the minor characters of his book,—an art which is nowhere of more consequence than in the historical novel. If Roxana's Amy, and William the Quaker in "Captain Singleton" stand out among his characters, it is because by art or accident he has been able to impart more of this detachment and individuality to them than to almost any others. And as we shall see when we come presently to consider what the historical novel ought to be, there is hardly any qualification so necessary to it as this.

But Defoe, as is well known, exercised little direct influence on English literature, for all his genius, his immense industry, and the multifarious ways in which he was a precursor and innovator. He was read rather than imitated or critically admired; and even if his influence had been more direct, another current would have probably been strong enough to drive back or absorb the waves of his for a time. Le Sage with "Gil Blas" taking up and enforcing the previous popularity of "Don Quixote;" Marivaux with his lessons to Richardson; and the strong satiric allegory of Swift slightly sweetened and humanized but not much weakened by Fielding, still held the historical novel aloof, still kept it "a bodiless childful of life in the gloom." And part of the cause was still, unless I greatly mistake, that which has been already assigned, the absence of a distinct, full, and tolerably critical notion of history such as the eighteenth century itself was hard at work supplying.

Nor was the mere accumulation of historical facts, and the mere diffusion of knowledge of them, the only work of preparation for this special purpose

in which the century was engaged, though it was the greatest. Few people, I think, quite realize how little history was read and known in England before the middle of the last century. It was then that Johnson could mention Knollys (a very good and interesting writer no doubt, but already antiquated and certainly not of the first class), as our best if not our only historian on the great scale. And it was only then that Hume and Robertson and Gibbon by ushering the historic Muse in full dress into libraries, and Goldsmith by presenting her in rather careless but very agreeable undress in schoolrooms, were at once taking away this reproach and spreading the knowledge of the subject; in other words were providing the historical novel-writer with material, and furnishing the historical novel-reader with the appetite and the modicum of knowledge necessary for its enjoyment. Yet it may be doubted whether this would have sufficed alone or without that special additional stimulus which was given by what is vaguely called the romantic movement. When in their very different ways Percy and Walpole and Gray, with many others, directed or excited public curiosity about the incidents, the manners, and the literature of former times, they made the historical novel inevitable; and indeed it began to show itself with very little delay.

Want of practice, want of the afore-said historical knowledge, and perhaps, above all, want of a genius who chose to devote himself to the special subject, made the earliest babblings of the style very childish babblings indeed. "The Castle of Otranto" itself is in essence a historical novel with the history omitted; and a good many of its imitators endeavored to supply the want. For a time they did it with astonishing clumsiness and want of the historic sense. Even Godwin, a historian by profession and a man of really very considerable historical knowledge, appears to have had not the remotest notion of local color, of antiquarian fitness, of the adjustment of atmosphere

and style. "St. Leon," for instance, is in its opening scenes to no small extent historical, and keeps up the historic connection to some degree throughout; but, except for a few bare facts, the whole thing is a gross anachronism only to be excused on the inadequate ground that in "a romance of immortality" you cannot expect much attention to miserable concerns of time. There is not the least attempt to adjust the manners to those of Francis the First's day, or the dialogue and general incidents to anything known of the sixteenth century. The age still told its novels as it mounted its plays with a bland and complete disregard of details such as these. And Godwin was a purist and a pedant in these respects as compared with the great Anne Radcliffe. The rare lapse into older carelessness which made the sun set in the sea on the east coast of Scotland in "The Antiquary" is a peccadillo not to be named beside the astounding geography of the "Mysteries of Udolpho," or the wonderful glimpses of a France such as this gifted lady imagined it to have been in the time of the religious wars. Clara Reeve, the author of the once famous "Old English Baron," writing years before either Godwin or Mrs. Radcliffe, and on the direct and acknowledged model of Walpole, threw the lessons of her master (who really did know something both about mediæval history and manners), entirely to the winds; and though she took Henry the Sixth's youth and the regency of Bedford for her time, made her picture one of no time at all. Her French contemporaries were doing just the same or worse; and all over Europe the return to the Middle Ages was being made to a Middle Age entirely, or almost entirely of convention.

If we could attach quite as much importance to Scott's intrusions with "Queenhoo Hall" as he himself seems to do in regard to the genesis of "Waverley," the performances of the Reeves and the Radcliffes might be credited with a very large share in determining the birth at last of the genuine historical novel. For there

can be no doubt that it was because he was shocked at the liberties taken and the ignorance shown in these works, that that eminent and excellent antiquary, Mr. Joseph Strutt, determined to show the public how their ancestors really did live and move and have their being in the romance of "Queenhoo Hall." I am ashamed to say that my knowledge of that work is entirely confined to Scott's own fragment, for the book is a very rare one; at least I hardly ever remember having seen a copy catalogued. But the account of it which Scott himself gives, and the fragment which he seems to have very dutifully copied in manner from the original, are just what we should expect. Strutt, probably caring nothing for a story as a story and certainly being unable to write one, busied himself only about making his language and his properties and his general arrangement as archaically correct as possible. His book therefore naturally bore the same resemblance to a historical novel that Mr. Oldbuck's "Caledoniad," could he ever have got it done according to his own notions and without Lovel's assistance, would have borne to an epic poem.

And now as we have brought the historical novel safely through that period of ante-natal history which some great authorities have thought the most important of all, as we have finished the account of the days of ignorance (to adopt the picturesque and pleasing Arab expression for the period of Arabian annals before Mohammed), it would be obviously improper to bring in the Prophet himself at the end of even a short preliminary inquiry. And there is all the more reason for not doing so because this is the place in which to consider what the historical novel is. It will not do to adopt the system of the bold empiric and say, "the novel as written by Scott." For some of the best of Scott's novels (including "Guy Mannering" and "The Antiquary") are not historical novels at all. Yet it may be confessed that Scott left but little in a general way to be found out about the style, and that

his practice, according as it is less or more successful, may almost be translated into the principles of the art.

We have already seen something of what a historical novel ought not to be and is not; while the eighty years which have passed since the publication of "*Waverley*," if they have not shown us all possible forms of what it ought to be and is, have probably gone very far to do so. For the possibilities of art, though quite infinite in the way of detail, by no means include very many new things in their general outlines; and when an apparently new leaf is turned, the lines on that leaf are apt to be filled in pretty quickly. Periclean and Elizabethan drama each showed all it could do in less than the compass of a lifetime, though no doubt good examples were produced over a much longer period than this. And though I hope that good historical novels will be written for hundreds of years to come, I do not think that they will be written on any very different principles from those which showed themselves in the novels produced during the forty years which passed between the appearance of "*Waverley*" and the appearance of "*Westward Ho!*"

We have seen how the advent of the historical novel was delayed by the want of a general knowledge of history; and we have seen how in that fate of "*Queenhoof Hall*" whereof Scott himself is the chronicler, the opposite danger appeared when the first had been removed. The danger of too much history lay not merely in the way of too much pedantry like that of the good Strutt, but in that of an encroachment of the historic on the romantic element in divers ways. This, if not so destructive of the very existence of the thing as the other danger, is the more fatal of the two to its goodness when it does exist.

The commonest and most obvious form of this error is decanting too much of your history bodily into your novel. Scott never falls into this error; it is much if he once or twice approaches it very far off. But Dumas,

in the days when he let "the young men" do the work with too little revision or warning, was prone to it; G. P. R. James often fell into it; and Harrison Ainsworth, in those painful later years when his dotages fell into the reluctant hands of critics who had rejoiced in him earlier as readers, was simply steeped in it. It made not merely the besetting sin, but what may be called the regular practice (unconscious of sin at all) of writers like Southey's friend, Mrs. Bray; and the unwary beginner has not shaken himself or herself free from it even now.

This, however, is so gross and palpable a fault that one could but wonder at its deceiving persons of ability and literary virtue, if the temptations to it were not equally palpable and gross. A much subtler, though perhaps an even worse mistake, comes next, and ruins books that might have been good and very good to this day, though Scott himself, besides the warning of his practice, showed the danger of it in more than one place of his critical introductions, and though all the better critics from Joubert and Sainte-Beuve downwards have repeated the warning. This is the allotting too prominent a position and too dominant an interest to the real persons and the real incidents of the story. It is, I suppose, in vain to repeat the aforesaid warnings. Within the last two or three years I can remember two books—both written with extreme care by persons of no ordinary talent, and one of them at least introducing personages and a story of the most poignant interest—which were failures because the historical attraction was not relegated to the second place. If Scott himself had made Mary the actual heroine of "*The Abbot*," had raised George Douglas to the position of hero, and had made their loves (practically fictitious as they would have been) the central point of the story, I do not doubt that he would have failed. I have always thought it a proof of the unerring tact which guided Sir Walter in general on this matter, that he never once, save in the case of "*Rob Roy*" (and there the

reality was but a little one), took his title from a real person, and only twice in the suggestive, but not hampering instances, of "Kenilworth" and "Woodstock" from a real place. For "The Legend of Montrose" and "The Fair Maid of Perth" contain obvious fiction as their main appeal. His successors were less wise; and they paid for their want of wisdom.

The canons negative and affirmative will then run somewhat thus: "Observe local color and historical propriety, but do not become a slave either to Dryasdust or to Heavysterne. Intermix historic interest and the charm of well-known figures, but do not incur the danger of mere historical transcription; still more take care that the prevailing ideals of your characters, or your scene, or your action, or all three, be fantastic and within your own discretion." When these are put together we shall have what is vernacularly called "the bones" of the historical novel. In another paper or two we may go on to see what flesh has been imposed on this skeleton by nearly three generations of practitioners. For the present it may suffice to add that the historical novel like all other novels without exception, if it is to be good, must not have a direct purpose of any sort, though no doubt it may, and even generally does, enforce certain morals both historical and ethical. It is fortunately by its very form and postulates freed from the danger of meddling with contemporary problems; it is grandly and artistically unactual, though here again it may teach unobtrusive lessons. Although, oddly enough, those imperfect French examples of it to which we have referred incline more to the novel than to the romance and busy themselves with a kind of analysis, it is of course in its nature synthetic and not analytic. It is not in the least limited by considerations of time or country; it is as much at home on a Mexican *teocalli* as in an English castle, though it certainly has, hitherto, exhibited the odd peculiarity that no one has written a first-rate historical novel of classical times. While

inquiry and research maim the chances of art in many, perhaps in most directions, they only multiply and enlarge the fields for this. In the drudgeries of the very dullest dog that ever edited a document there may be the germ of a "Quentin Durward;" while our novel in itself is perhaps the most purely refreshing of all reading precisely because of its curious conjunction of romance and reality.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
A VISIT TO COREA.

THERE is hardly a country I have visited—and I have visited a good many—that is quainter and more interesting than Corea. To a superficial observer, or to the casual globe-trotter, the country and the people would have but little fascination, for neither is the scenery very grand, except in some remote districts, nor are the folks likely to enchant one with enticing little ways and a marvellous artistic capacity like their neighbors the Japanese. In fact, the Corean people have no arts and no industries.

"What is the use of working and making money," said once a Corean to me, "if, when the work is done and the money made, this is taken away from you by the officials, and you are worn out for having done the work, and as poor as before, if, mind you, you are fortunate enough not to be exiled to a distant province by the angry magistrate who has enriched himself at your expense? Now," added the Corean, looking earnestly into my face, "would you work under those circumstances?"

"I am hanged if I would," were the words which, to the best of my ability, I struggled hard to translate in the Corean language, to show my approval of his philosophic way of thinking.

There is no doubt that what the Corean said to me was perfectly true, and that the system of "squeezing" is carried on, on a very large scale, by the magistrates, just the same as in China,



and it naturally has a very depressing effect on the people "squeezed."

It is really painful, when you first land in Corea, to notice the careworn, sad expression on everybody's face; there they lie about idle and pensive, doubtful as to what will happen to them to-morrow, all anxious for generations that a reform might take place in the mode of government, yet all for centuries too lazy to attempt to better their position. Such is human nature!

It is hard, indeed, to suffer, but it is nothing as compared with the trouble and worry of improving one's own standing; and no one better than the Coreans knows this.

They are born philosophers, and they make the best of what they have, or rather of what they have not. When you hear Coreans talk, the topic of the conversation is invariably "money;" if it is not "money," it is "food." If they have quarrels among themselves, what can the cause be but "cash;" and if you see a deadly fight in the streets, what could it be about if not for probably the equivalent of a far-thing?

As we have dropped on to the subject of fighting, I must say that the lower classes in Corea are much given to it, and the slightest provocation, in money matters, is sufficient to make them come to blows. With one hand they catch hold of each other by the knot, in which the hair of all married men is tied on the top of the head, and while a violent process of head-shaking is followed by a shower of blows and scratches administered by the free hand, the lower extremities are kept busy distributing kicks which should land on the antagonist, but which occasionally, in fact often, reach some innocent passer-by, as the streets of Corean cities are seldom wide enough to let four people walk abreast.

Seoul, the capital of the Corean kingdom, is the only city where wider streets are found, and the main street, leading to the royal palace, is indeed immensely wide, so much so that two rows of smaller thatched houses and

shops are built in the middle of the street itself, thus forming as it were three parallel streets of one street; but these houses are removed and pulled down twice or three times a year when his Majesty the king chooses to come out of his palace, and goes in his state chair either to visit the tombs of his ancestors, some miles out of the town, or to meet the envoys of the Chinese emperor, a short way out of the west gate of the capital, and at a place where a peculiar sort of triumphal arch, half built in masonry and half in lacquered wood, has been erected, close by an artificial cut in the rocky hill, which, in honor of the Chinese messengers, goes by the name of the Peking Pass. All the cities in Corea are walled, and the gates are opened at sunrise and closed with the setting sun. I well remember at Seoul how many times I have had to run so as not to be locked out of the town, and vivid before me is yet the picture of hundreds of men, women, and children, on foot or on tiny ponies, or leading laden bulls, scrambling to get in or out while the "big bell" in the centre of the town announced with its mournful sound that with the last rays of light the heavy wooden gates, lined with iron, would be again closed till the morning. How well I remember the hoarse voice of the gate-keepers shouting out, night after night, that time was up, and hurrying the weary travellers to enter the precincts of the royal city; then the huge iron padlocks and bolts were fastened, the gate-keepers retired to the adjoining house to continue the interrupted gambling which occupied their day, and a few rusty old spears standing in a row on a rack were left to take care of the safety of the town and of its inhabitants. With the sun every noise ceased, every good citizen retired to his house, and only an occasional leopard now and then crawled over the city wall and made peregrinations in the darkness over the capital.

The capital of Corea, Seoul, is situated about twenty-five miles inland, its port being Chemulpo, called Jinsen by

the Japanese, and Jim-Chiang by the Chinese.

Chemulpo hardly deserves the name of a Korean port, for though it is in Corea, there are but few Korean houses, the bulk of structures there being Japanese and Chinese. The little trade, consisting mostly of grain exportation, is carried on almost entirely by Japanese and Chinese, while the importation of cotton and a few miscellaneous articles is done by an American and a German merchant. The post-office is in the hands of the Japanese, the telegraphs are under the control of the Chinese, as well as the customs revenue, which is looked after by officials in the Chinese service. Chemulpo is a picturesque harbor, but the water too shallow to allow very large ships to enter it. The tide, I was told, rises as much as twenty-eight feet and more.

The road between Chemulpo and the capital is not good, but being mostly through flat country, the Japanese, I remember, had brought over from Japan a few jinrickshaws, and were able to run them to Seoul, though one man was not sufficient to draw it, the road being too rough, and two and even three men had to be employed and run in a tandem, one man pushing the jinrickshaw at the back. Personally I always preferred to ride the tiny but sturdy native ponies, or walked the distance between the two towns; but the Japanese, who are far from being good horsemen, seem to prefer their own way of locomotion, the advantages of which, I am sorry to say, I was never able to understand, and far less appreciate. I have no doubt that a good many men are beasts; but one hardly likes to use them as beasts.

Let us return to Seoul. The town is prettily situated in a small valley surrounded by hills, and over these hills goes the wall of the city, a decidedly wonderful work of masonry and patience. Almost in the centre of the town is another high hill, Mount Nanzam, on the summit of which a signal station is placed, and from which, by means of burning fires, signals are transmitted to other similar stations

on the tops of the higher peaks in Corea, and by this simple means a signal sent by the king from the palace grounds is in a very short time telegraphed to any of the most distant provinces in the kingdom, and *vice versa*. Of course the drawback of the system is that messages can only be conveyed at night. It was a very pretty sight to watch the lights playing at dark on Nanzam, and to see the faint lights on the distant mountains answering or transmitting messages to farther regions. I always noticed that there were never more than five lights burning at one time.

One day I ascended the mountain, and it was interesting to notice the sacred trees which are to be found on its slopes, as well as everywhere else in Corea, especially on hilly ground. They are covered with hundreds of rags left by different worshippers, and in other spots, where certain trees are supposed to be possessed by "the spirits of the mountains," piles of stones have been thrown by scared passers-by, for it is seldom that a native passes one of these places without throwing a stone and walking rapidly past for fear that the spirits might get in him and make his life one of misery and unhappiness. The Koreans are extremely superstitious. Here is a curious example.

One day I was sketching outside the east gate, and I was, as usual, surrounded by a large crowd, when a good-natured old man lifted up in his arms a pretty little child, on whose head he had placed his transparent horse-hair hat, and asked me whether I would like to paint him in the picture. I was tempted by the offer, and, having taken up a fresh panel, proceeded to dash off a sketch of my new model in his pretty red frock, his padded socks, and his extra-large hat, to the great amusement of the crowd, who eagerly watched every stroke of my brush, and went in ecstasy as they saw the likeness come out more and more plainly. I never had an audience so interested in anything I had done before. "Beautiful!" said one; "Very good!"

exclaimed another ; " Just life-like ! " said they in a chorus, as I lifted up the picture to show it to them when — there was a sudden change of scene. A woman with staring eyes and as pale as death appeared on the doorstep of a house close by, and holding her forehead with her hand, as if a great calamity was to befall her, made a step forward.

" Where is my child ? " cried she in a voice of anger and despair.

" Here he is," answered one of the crowd. " The foreigner is painting him."

There was a piercing yell and the pale woman looked such daggers at me that I nearly dropped the sketch, brushes, and palette out of my hands, then with another yell, even more piercing than the first, she made a dash into the crowd and tried to snatch the child away. However, she was not successful in her attempt, for my audience had got so interested in the picture that they would not hear of letting the child go ; but the unfortunate part of all this was, that the angry mother was pulling the child by the head and one arm trying to drag him away, while the people on the other side were pulling him as hard as they could by the other arm and the legs, so that the poor, screaming mite was nearly torn to pieces, and no remonstrating on my side had any effect on this tug-of-war. Fortunately for the child the mother let go ; but it was certainly not fortunate for the others, for following the little ways that women have, even in Corea, she proceeded to scratch the faces of all that were within reach, and I myself came within an inch of having my eyes scratched out of my head by this infuriated parent, when to my great relief they took her away. As she re-entered the door she shook her fist and thrust out her tongue at me.

Women, however, are not all like that in Corea ; in fact, most of them are charming and often good-looking, though it is rarely that one has a chance of seeing them. They are kept almost in seclusion, and when they go out they cover their face with a white

or a green hood, very similar in shape to the one worn by the women at Malta. Their dress is somewhat peculiar and deserves to be described. They wear huge trousers padded up inside with cotton wool, and socks similarly padded, which are fastened tight round the ankles to the trousers. Over these is a shortish skirt tied very high over the waist ; and a tiny jacket, generally white, red, or green, completes the wardrobe of most Corean women, one peculiarity about this jacket being that it is so short that both breasts are left uncovered, which is a curious and most unpractical fashion, the climate of Corea being colder than that of Canada. The hair is very simply made up, plastered down and tied into a knot at the back of the head. A silver pin or two are sometimes worn in it as an ornament.

Young girls and old women often wear a curious fur cap. It has a hole in the centre and two long silk ribbons at the back. It has the shape of a section of a cone, and when smartly worn it is becoming. As for the men the national dress is rather artistic-looking. When I visited Corea the whole kingdom was in mourning for the death of the queen-dowager, therefore everybody had to wear white. Huge white trousers, a short jacket with long silk ribbons in front, and twisted paper sandals, is the general attire in which one sees most people in the streets. The head dressing is what the Coreans attach more importance to. A headband is fastened tight round the hair, which has previously been tied into a knot on the top of the head, and a small silver or metal ball is attached at the end of this knot. Occasionally a tortoiseshell ornament is fastened to the hair over the forehead, and a curiously shaped and transparent horse-hair hat, reminding one of the Welsh hat, is invariably worn both in the house and out. Taking off one's hat when you enter a house in Corea is about the rudest thing one could do ; just the same as in Japan it is considered polite to take off one's boots when entering a house. Again, deco-

rations are worn by officials behind the ears, and are in the shape of a jade, gold, or silver button attached to the head-band. As I have already said it is only married men that wear their hair tied into a top-knot, but this does not prevent ninety-nine out of a hundred persons, even boys of twelve or thirteen, from wearing the hair thus, for every one is practically married in Corea who is sound in mind and in body. One sees a few unmarried boys, and they wear a long, thick pig-tail which gives them a very effeminate appearance. A ribbon is tied into a bow at the end of the pig-tail, and these bachelors enjoy all the privileges of women folks, such as being allowed to wear colored garments when the nation is in mourning and married men are compelled to wear white. Marriages are generally arranged by the parents, and I have often seen children who were husband and wife though the two did not live together until the age of puberty was reached; or, in other words, the marriage is only nominal for several years, and would only be what an "engagement" is to us in our country.

The children in Corea are extremely quaint and pretty, especially when only a few years old. At New Year they are generally dressed up in brand-new frocks, and though, according to our ideas of taste, we should not give yellow sleeves to a bright red jacket, and wear this over a green frock, I must say that somehow or other it looks all right there, and relieves the monotony of the sempiternal white garments. The face of children is whitened with chalk, and the hair oiled and parted in the middle, plastered down and tied into one or two small pig-tails.

Coreans are not much given to washing, and less still to bathing. They wash their hands fairly often, and occasionally the face; the better people wash it almost daily. Corean houses are generally small, and the rooms of diminutive size. The most curious point about them is that the flooring is made of stone covered with oil-paper, and that under the stone flooring

there is a regular oven, called *kam*, in which a big fire is kept up day and night. Often, as the people sleep on the ground in their clothes, it happens that the floor gets so hot as to almost roast one. The Coreans seem to delight in undergoing this roasting process, and when well broiled on one side they turn on the other, and take it quite as a matter of course. I admired them for it, but was never able to imitate them. The houses, as a rule, have only one floor raised a few feet above the ground, and the rooms seldom measure more than twelve feet square. The roof is very heavy and sustained by a very strong beam, and the windows are of paper as in Japan.

The king's palace until lately was little better than the houses of other people, except that in the grounds he had a grand stone building which he calls the "summer palace," but which he only inhabits on state occasions. A few years ago he commissioned a clever young Russian, a Mr. Seradin Sabatin, to build him a palace in European style. The young Russian, though, I believe, not a professional architect, did his very best, and turned him out a very solid and well-built villa *à la Russe*, and the king seemed much pleased with it, but at the same time commissioned a Frenchman to build him another palace on a much larger scale, but which, however, never got beyond the basement, as the funds, which were expected to be sufficient to construct the whole building, were exhausted.

The palace grounds are rather pretty, and in a small pavilion on the lake the king spends some of his very few hours of leisure in summer.

When the king goes for a day out of the palace grounds, it is a great event in Seoul; the troops are summoned up, and line each side of the road leading to the palace. It is indeed a strange sight to see, in these days, soldiers in armor and carrying old-fashioned spears, and with their wide-awake black hats with a long red tassel hanging down on the shoulders; but stranger still they look in rainy

weather, when a small umbrella is fastened over the hat. The cavalry soldiers still retain their old uniforms, while the infantry have a sort of semi-European costume which is quite comical to look at. The infantry have guns of all sorts, ages, and descriptions, from old flint locks to repeating breech-loaders, and I have often thought of the difficulty of training soldiers, no two of them having similar guns. A couple of American army instructors were employed by the king to coach the soldiery in the art of war and teach them the use of foreign weapons, but, if I remember right, one of the greatest difficulties they had to contend with was the discipline, to which the easy-going Koreans would not lend themselves. They were brave enough when it came to fighting—especially in fighting their own way—but it was difficult to make them understand that when a man is a soldier he is no more a man, but a machine. "Why, then, not have machines altogether?" was pretty much what the soldiers thought when they were compelled to go through the, to them, apparently useless and tiresome drilling.

The target practice amused and interested them much, but it seldom took place, as the ammunition was found to be too great an expense; and though nearly each infantry soldier possessed a gun, he hardly ever had a chance of firing it, so much so that when a gun had to be fired in the capital the king invariably sent a message round to the few foreigners in the town requesting them not to be frightened or alarmed at the "report," for it was not a revolution that had burst out, but only a blank cartridge being fired for some purpose or other!

The Koreans, it must be understood, are lazy and depressed, but they are by no means stupid. I have come across people there who would be thought marvellously clever in any civilized country; and when they wish to learn anything, they are wonderfully quick at understanding even matters of which they have never heard before. Languages come easy to them, and

their pronunciation of foreign tongues is infinitely better than that of their neighbors the Chinese or the Japanese. I can give an instance of a Mr. Chang, who was appointed interpreter to Mr. C. R. Greathouse, the vice-minister of home affairs in Corea, and foreign adviser to the king, and who, in less than two months, learned English well enough to speak and understand perfectly. I have seen him learn by heart out of a dictionary as many as two hundred English words in a day, and, what is more, remember every one of them, including the spelling. Only once did I hear him make a comical mistake. He had not quite grasped the meaning of the word "twin," and, answering a question I had asked him, "Yes, sir," said he, "I have a *twin* brother who is three years older than I am."

A. HENRY SAVAGE-LANDOR.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE POST-OFFICE PACKETS.

A FORGOTTEN CHAPTER IN NAVAL HISTORY.

FEW nations can afford to forget their past history, and England, of all others, whose power is so deeply rooted in sea-fights, should not be careless of her naval records. After many generations of almost ceaseless warfare, there has been a long breathing-time of peace, an interval which could not be better spent than in collecting and recording the actions of those brave men whose struggles ensured our ease, and preserving them for our own benefit as well as for that of posterity. This has been done of course long since as regards the great sea-battles, and most even of the lesser fights in which the ships of the royal navy were engaged have been sufficiently described. But there remains a service, distinguished over and over again, an ancient service, highly useful to the public and associated with a great department of State, whose history has been left untouched till all the officers connected with it have passed



away, and the personal recollections which are the life-blood of such a record are irretrievably lost to us—namely, the Post-Office Packet Service.

Probably few people are aware that the general post-office for more than a century and a half maintained a fleet of some fifty or sixty armed ships. There were stations for these vessels at Dover and Harwich (and sometimes at Yarmouth) for the mails to France, Holland, and the north of Europe, at Holyhead and Milford for the Irish Channel. But the chief station was at Falmouth; and it is with the Falmouth packets only, as bearing the brunt of the fighting, that the present article is concerned.

There were packets at Falmouth solely under post-office control from 1688 to 1823. They carried the mails at first to Spain and Portugal alone; but early in the last century the trade with the American colonies increased so far as to render regular communication with them necessary, and extra packets were accordingly established at Falmouth to ply to the West Indies and to New York. Throughout the wars of the last century and the early years of this, the Falmouth packets steered their steady course. Lightly armed, and carrying no more men than were absolutely necessary to work the ship and to fight her if need be, they sought no enemy; but if any came in their path, they faced her without flinching, and fought for the honor of their flag, the credit of their service, and the safety of their mails and passengers.

How well the Falmouth men fought might be shown by details taken from almost any period of their history; but it will be best to select those years in which the packet service was in its fullest vigor, when the packets were most numerous, when they were armed more appropriately than at any other period, and when they were called on to face enemies of the same blood and traditions as themselves. This was the period of their greatest trial; and as it was also that of their greatest distinction, it will be enough at present to

tell briefly how the packets conducted themselves during two years of the American war of 1812-1815.

During this war the Falmouth packets fought no less than thirty-two actions with American privateers. Seventeen of these were entirely successful, while of the remainder it is not too much to say that some of the defeats were as glorious as any victory. There was no one of these fights in which the post-office vessel was not heavily out-matched both in men and guns; for the American privateers were the most complete of their kind, and no one among them would have put to sea without an armament far exceeding that which the postmaster-general provided for the packets.

The war broke out in June, 1812. In September the *Princess Amelia*, Captain Moorsom, carrying twenty-eight men and boys, with six six-pounders and two nine-pounders, was attacked by the privateer *Rossie*, which had a crew of ninety-five picked men, and an armament of ten twelve-pounders, besides a long nine-pounder mounted on a traverse amidships. Captain Moorsom came of a family of sailors, and knew well how to defend his ship. The details of the fight are lost to us, but we know that at the end of fifty minutes Captain Moorsom, his master, and a boy were dead, the mate (next in seniority to the captain and master) was most severely wounded, and ten ordinary sailors had been carried off the deck. Thus every other man in the ship had been hit, and the remnant being quite insufficient to work and fight the vessel, no alternative remained but a surrender, in which there was assuredly no disgrace.

In November of the same year a fight upon a greater scale took place. Rightly praised in the official records for its extraordinary gallantry, it deserved a better fate than the oblivion to which, with only two or three exceptions, the actions of the packets have been consigned.

The Townsend packet, Captain James Cock, was armed somewhat more heavily than the *Princess Amelia*,

having on board eight nine-pounder carronades, with a long gun of similar calibre used as a chaser. Her crew also was slightly larger, numbering twenty-eight men and four boys. She was within a few hours of dropping her anchor at Bridgetown, Barbados, when the first light of the 23rd of November revealed two strange vessels cruising in company at no great distance. These vessels proved to be two American privateers, the *Tom*, Captain Thomas Wilson, and the *Bona*, Captain Damaron. The former was armed with fourteen carronades, some eighteen and some twelve-pounders, as well as two long nine-pounders, and carried one hundred and thirty men. The latter had six eighteen-pounders, with a long twenty-four-pounder mounted on a traverse, and carried ninety men. The forces on each side were therefore as follows, assuming that the *Tom* carried as many eighteen as twelve pounders.

Weight of Metal in pounds.	Number of Men.
Privateers 360 . . . .	220
Packet 78 . . . .	32

Moreover, this great disparity of force was divided between two assailants. Rarely, perhaps, has an action begun in such hopeless circumstances.

Captain Cock meant to fight, however, and did not trouble his head about disparity of force. All his preparations were completed before the privateers came within range, which they did about 7 A.M. At 7.30 the *Tom* had placed herself abeam of the packet to larboard, while the *Bona* lay on the starboard quarter, and both their broadsides were crashing into the *Townsend* at pistol-shot distance, all three vessels running before the wind. This lasted till eight o'clock, when the rigging of the *Townsend* was so much cut up that her sails were hanging in every direction; and in some momentary confusion from this cause the *Tom* seized an opportunity of pouring in her boarders, while the *Bona* redoubled her fire both of great guns and musketry to cover their attack. The boarders were driven back after a fierce tussle, in

which the little crew of Cornishmen was reduced by four, disabled from their wounds; and the cannonade was resumed. Then for another hour the *Townsend* lay beneath the fire of her enemy's heavy guns, the courage of her crew as high as ever. She was now so much shattered that she could with difficulty be handled. Again and again the *Tom* bore down upon the disabled packet, and hurled her boarders into her. Time after time the Americans were driven back, though men fell rapidly. Mr. Sidgman, the master, was killed, and six more of the crew were desperately wounded. This could not last. Captain Cock endeavored to run his ship ashore, but the effort was frustrated. Ere long the *Townsend* was a mere wreck. Her bowsprit was shot in pieces; both jib-booms and head were carried away, as well as the wheel and ropes; scarcely one shroud was left standing, and round the helpless wreck the Americans sailed, choosing their positions as they pleased, and raking her again and again. Still the Cornishmen lay at bay. It was not till ten o'clock that Captain Cock, looking round him, saw no means of further resistance. There were four feet of water in the hold; nearly half his crew were in the hands of the surgeon; the lives of the others must be saved. Still his pride rebelled against surrender, and as he saw the colors he had defended so well drop down upon the deck it is recorded that he burst into tears.

There lies before the writer a faded yellow scrap of paper on which one of the American captains recorded in generous terms his opinion of his foe. It runs as follows: "I do certify that Captain James Cock, of the packet brig *Townsend*, captured this day by the private armed schooners *Tom* and *Bona*, did defend his ship with courage and seamanship, and that he did not strike his colors until his vessel was perfectly unmanageable and in the act of sinking. . . . Thos. Wilson, on board the *Townsend*, November 22, 1812."

One of the privateers was so shat-

tered in this action that she had to return to port to refit. The Townsend was so much injured as to be useless to her captors, who allowed her to proceed on her way. She was partially refitted at Barbados, and sailed again for England soon after the new year, still hardly fit for an Atlantic voyage. In mid passage she again encountered a privateer, and, half crippled as she was, beat her off after a brilliant little action of an hour's duration.

When such desperate fights were of common occurrence, and any packet, however seaworthy and well equipped on leaving Falmouth, might return with sides riddled with shot, and needing repairs which could not be executed under several weeks, it became extremely difficult to maintain the regular despatch of the mails. This difficulty had of course occurred in former wars, and had been met with more or less success; but about the time of which we write it was augmented by disturbances among the seamen to such a degree as to cause the greatest anxiety at the post-office.

The Falmouth sailors were a turbulent body of men, by no means free at any time from the spirit of disaffection which pervaded the navy; and for several years they had been grumbling at the withdrawal of a privilege which they had come to regard as theirs by right. This was the privilege of private trade, a thing forbidden by law from the first establishment of the packet service, but permitted by the government on account of its convenience to merchants in the west of England. Thus, although the packets could not at any time be regarded as merchant vessels, having no stowage for cargo, yet for more than a century every officer and seaman had been allowed to take out goods of all sorts, hardware, boots, cheeses, to sell on commission for the merchants, or as a private venture of his own; and this private trade in the course of years became so valuable that it was no uncommon thing to find an outward-bound packet laden with goods to the value of some thousands of pounds.

The sale of these goods at Lisbon or Barbados was, of course, very profitable in those days of war and high prices. But it led to abuses of the worst kind, and brought disgrace upon the Falmouth service. It was therefore stopped. The ancient law was for the first time enforced, and an officer was appointed to search the out-going and incoming packets and turn out all goods, wherever they were found, whether in the possession of officers or men.

The duties of the searcher were of course highly invidious, and a perpetual source of friction between the authorities and the seamen. It was long before the men could be taught that the new rule was intended seriously; and many a brave fellow, who had persuaded himself that he would be exempted, or that he could evade the searcher, had the mortification of seeing the boots and cheeses which he had bought out of his scanty savings swimming in the harbor, or tossed unceremoniously into the first boat which came alongside, to be landed on the quay, where they would be at the mercy of any chance passer-by.

These things were hard to bear, and not easily forgiven; while the blow was driven home on the arrival of the packet at her destination, when the merchants' clerks would come down, offering Jack famine prices for the very articles he had been robbed of, as he would put it to himself; and the price of many a spree on shore, not to speak of pretty things for the wife at home, would go back into the merchant's pocket when the guineas might have jingled in Jack's own.

The wages were raised when the private trade was stopped, but they could not be raised to such a point as would compensate for the enormous profits lost by the new rule; and the sailors complained that they were still lower than the current rate in the merchant service. If they were reminded that merchant sailors were exposed to the danger of the press-gang, while all packetsmen carried protections, they retorted that the protections were not

always respected. This was true enough. For when the press-gangs were sweeping the streets of Falmouth, bursting forcibly into sailors' drinking-shops, and, half drunk themselves, giving chase to any sturdy fellow whom they met, it often happened that a packetsman was seized, and only laughed at, or knocked down and soundly cursed, when he claimed exemption. Sometimes his protection was torn in the scuffle; sometimes it was fraudulently taken from him; and if he then lost his temper and became violent, he was told that his mutinous conduct had deprived him of any right to protection, and not even the intervention of the agent, or the postmaster-general, could restore him to the packet service. Such cases of injustice were not uncommon; and though they may have been inseparable from the system of impress, a system which was founded on violence and disdained all argument of right, it is natural that they created a very bitter feeling among men who were already exasperated by the loss of a valuable privilege.

Grievances such as these had resulted in 1811 in an organized strike of seamen in Falmouth, a general refusal to proceed to sea. The men mustered in a large body, perambulating Falmouth in numbers sufficient to secure them from the press-gangs. Troops had to be called in. The seamen retreated to the hills above the town, where they opened communications with the miners, and for several days there was some cause to apprehend a very troublesome disturbance. The men held out only a short time, but their action caused so much embarrassment to the government that all the packets were sent round to Plymouth, whence they sailed for several months.

The lesson taught on that occasion had been already partly forgotten in 1814. On the 12th of July in that year, when the *Speedy* packet had completed her complement of men, had taken her mails on board, and was about to slip her moorings, a number of her crew refused to go on board, and, headed by the gunner, went to the agent's office

and demanded their discharge. Being asked for their reasons, they had nothing better to say than that they did not like the voyage, and that, if they were to go upon it, they must have more pay. The agent, willing to concede whatever was possible, paid them a month's wages in advance, whereupon they became more riotous and intractable than before.

Seeing that they were not to be brought to reason, the agent sent a message to the captain of the guardship, and in an hour two strong parties were scouring every alley and public-house in the town, in search of the malingering seamen of the *Speedy*, but could find no trace of them. Nor was this surprising, for the deserters were all Falmouth men, and the old town contained hiding-places which more careful searchers than the press-gangs had failed to discover.

Meanwhile Captain Sutherland, who commanded the *Speedy*, had engaged other men at unusually high rates. But these new men, fired by the high example set before them, imitated the others, and decamped as soon as they had secured a payment in advance.

It was impossible to allow the mails to suffer delay from conduct such as this; and in order to demonstrate that the service could go on very well with sailors drawn from other ports, the *Speedy* was sent round to Plymouth, where she completed her complement without difficulty. This reminder of the ease with which the prosperity of Falmouth, created as it had been in large measure by the packets, could be destroyed by their removal, had a very sobering effect on the Falmouth sailors; and for some time there seems to have been no repetition of their unruly conduct.

To return to the fighting, and best, part of our story. In September a very desperate action was fought by Captain James Cunningham, who had been Lord St. Vincent's sailing-master in the action of the 14th of February, 1797. Captain Cunningham commanded the *Morgiana*, a temporary packet of somewhat greater size than the regular post-

office vessels, being of about two hundred and twenty tons, but armed only with eight nine-pounder carronades, like the majority of the packets.

From Captain Cunningham's own vivid account of the action only a few passages can be extracted. The privateer was the *Saratoga*, of Newport, Rhode Island. She carried sixteen guns, chiefly twelve-pounders, and one hundred and thirty-six men. At 2 P.M. she came within range, and Captain Cunningham kept his stern guns playing on her as she came up, though without doing much damage. Unhappily, after five or six discharges from these guns, it was found that the ring-bolts had drawn out from both sides the stern, and that the guns were useless. The *Saratoga* bore down with the evident intention of boarding, and by her great preponderance of men finishing the matter at a single blow. She was met, however, with such a heavy and well-directed fire from the *Morgiana's* remaining guns as obliged her to abandon this design; and, taking up a station to larboard, she opened a tremendous cannonade. At the same time riflemen swarmed up into her tops, and harassed the small crew of Cornishmen very seriously. Thus both vessels ran before the wind for an hour and twenty minutes, never more than a few yards apart. Two or three men were hit in this part of the action, and of himself Captain Cunningham says:—

I found a grape shot had grazed my left leg and stuck in the opposite side of the ship. It was not, however, of very serious consequence, and, tying it up with a handkerchief, I was enabled to resume my station. A short time after a musket-ball struck my left wrist, which made but a slight wound, and at the same instant I saw the sail-maker, who was stationed at the wheel, fall, he having received a mortal wound from a charge of grape. In consequence of the helm being left, the ship took a sheer, by which the sides of the two vessels came in contact, and the enemy, exasperated at finding himself so long disappointed of his prize by such a handful of men, and with a hope of ending the contest, took this opportunity of heaving his boarders into us. I ran to the

wheel and put the helm a-port, which caused us to separate, and his people, many of whom had established themselves in the main rigging with some on the poop, now thought of nothing but securing a retreat, which we endeavored to cut off. We pressed them warmly. Some gained their vessel, others jumped overboard to escape our pikes, and one man, who had reached the top of our boarding-netting and with whom I had been personally engaged, now begged for quarter, which of course I granted. In this conflict I received a severe cutlass wound on the head from the man alluded to above, who in a state of desperation, from his pistol having missed, hove his cutlass at me with an extraordinary violence which levelled me with the deck, from which position I prepared to fire at him, when he sued for mercy and obtained it. Our firing again commenced, but, finding the strength of the enemy much too powerful for us, and with some apprehension of defeat, should he still attempt to carry us by boarding, I took the first opportunity of tearing up my private signal sheet, and hove it overboard together with my instructions, and gave the master fresh injunctions respecting the destruction of the mail in case of necessity. Our sails and rigging being now rendered nearly useless, and the ship unmanageable, the enemy was enabled to pursue his resolve to carry us by heaving the bulk of his crew on board, and accordingly closed with us on the larboard bow, which I found it impossible to prevent. With an anxious desire to make every practicable resistance, I was in the act of running forward to the threatened part of the ship, when I was struck by a musket-ball in the upper part of the right thigh, by which the bone was shattered, and which brought me once more to the deck. In this state, with a third part of my crew either killed or wounded, and those my best men, I gave up all hope of further resistance in a contest so unequal, and waving to the master to sink the mail, felt a secret relief when I saw that object accomplished. At the same time one of my people asked me if he should haul down the ensign, to which I reluctantly assented. The crew of the privateer had gained complete possession of the fore-castle and fore-rigging, and the remainder of the *Morgiana's* men fled for shelter. Further resistance was now out of the question, for more than seventy men had gained a footing in the packet, the two vessels laying yard-locked with each other. I was much



weakened with the loss of blood, which was flowing fast from four wounds, but had strength to intimate to the first that approached that we had struck ; but this did not appear to satisfy the fury of a few who rushed at me with uplifted cutlasses, evidently to despatch me altogether, had it not been for the man to whom I had given quarter. He advanced to check their rage, begging them to spare my life for having given him his, when I could easily have taken it, and to his timely interference I am certainly indebted for my existence.

In this closely fought action both vessels were, according to the admission of Captain Adderton, who commanded the *Saratoga*, reduced almost to wrecks. "The stays, shrouds, etc.," he says in speaking of his own ship, "were almost all cut away, more than a hundred shot-holes in our main-mast, many in our masts, spars, hull, etc. . . . They fought desperately, and even beyond what prudence would dictate." Captain Cunningham recovered from his wounds, and, though permanently crippled, he lived to do good service as a commander of an established packet, a post conferred on him in recognition of his gallantry.

It is to the fortunate circumstance that Captain Cunningham had some skill in the use of his pen that we owe the possibility of realizing the details of his great fight with some exactness. The majority of the packet captains were less adroit. They were hardy men of action, unskilled in description, and their official reports of what befell them are couched in terse, abrupt sentences, giving in bare language the important facts, and leaving the outline to be filled up by verbal amplification, or to be left unfilled as chance would have it. The verbal statements are not now available, and the outlines must remain unfilled. A cloud of battle-smoke conceals our brave sailors, and we know only in general terms how they fought behind it. But though we have let slip the better half of the materials for describing these gallant fights, one act of injustice should not be covered by another, and if there is monotony in the details which are still preserved,

we may fairly remember that there was probably none at all in those which by carelessness have been lost.

There remains one action fought in the year 1813 which should be described with some fulness.

The *Lady Mary Pelham* was under orders to sail for Brazil, when her commander, Captain Stevens, received news which made him desire not to perform the voyage, and he cast about for some person to act as his substitute. The proper person to select would have been his own sailing-master, Mr. Carter, who served at Trafalgar as acting first-lieutenant of the *Thunderer*, and had been present in nearly every important engagement of the war. A better choice could not have been made ; but Mr. Carter had only recently entered the packet service, and Captain Stevens, seized with an unaccountable scruple, declined to select an officer of whom he knew so little. It was the practice of the post-office to defer as much as possible to the wishes of the commanders on the rare occasions when it was necessary to choose a substitute ; and the agent at Falmouth felt that he could not urge Mr. Carter's appointment in opposition to the captain's wish, especially as the latter had selected a person whom he preferred. This person, to whom the safety of the packet on an Atlantic voyage in time of war was to be entrusted, was not even a trained sailor. He was a retired lawyer living at Falmouth, who occupied much of his leisure in yachting. The agent demurred to this selection ; but the time was short, and recollecting that the master of the *Lady Mary Pelham* was a brave and experienced officer, he signed the appointment, and the packet sailed on the 13th of October, 1813.

Six days later the *Montagu* sailed on the same voyage under the command of Captain J. A. Norway, R.N. The crew of the *Montagu* had proved their courage in action but a few months before, as already told. Captain Norway had served for twenty-one years in the navy. He was trained by Sir E. Pellew (Lord Exmouth), whom he

had served from midshipman to first-lieutenant, and had shared with credit in the numerous actions fought by that brave captain. He was at this time a commander on half-pay, filling an interval of employment.

The Montagu made a better passage than the *Lady Mary*, and in the afternoon of the 1st of November she landed her mails at Funchal. Captain Norway did not anchor, but stood off and on, waiting for the Brazil mails to be brought on board. Early in the evening he saw the *Lady Mary* to windward, and made the right signal, but received no answer. Shortly before 2 A.M. a strange schooner hove in sight. The crew were called to quarters, and at 5 A.M. the schooner ran down alongside the Montagu, poured in her broadside, received one in return, and sheered off without much damage on either side.

The officers of the *Lady Mary Pelham*, lying to under the land, heard the firing, which appeared to them to be coming off shore. At daybreak they sighted the Montagu, whereupon Mr. Carter boarded her, and learned what had occurred. The schooner, which was evidently a privateer, lay to all day in sight of the land, obviously waiting for the packets, and it was apparent to every one that there must be fighting.

Both packets received their mails between seven and eight in the evening, and set sail in company. Nothing was seen of the schooner during the night, but on the following morning, the 2nd of November, she appeared in chase though at some distance. The crew of the Montagu exercised their great guns, and both packets were cleared for action. The wind was moderate, blowing from the east or north-east, and at 2 P.M. the privateer was coming up fast astern under studding-sails. Captain Norway, having ordered the *Lady Mary Pelham* to take up a position ahead of the Montagu on the starboard bow and within hail, hoisted his colors, and the crews of both packets gave three cheers. At 2.50 P.M. the Montagu opened fire with her stern chaser (a long nine-pounder),

to which the privateer replied with her bow guns. Little damage was done by this fire, and the enemy, continuing to come up quickly with the Montagu, was upon her starboard quarter shortly after three o'clock.

A close engagement ensued at very short distance. It had not lasted long when the jibboom of the privateer ran into the Montagu's main rigging, and a party of twenty boarders came swarming out along it. A desperate struggle followed, and the schooner having brought an eighteen-pounder swivel to bear, sent repeated charges of grape and chain shot among the Falmouth men. A great number of the Cornishmen were hit. Captain Norway was wounded severely in the leg, but refused to go below, though the enemy were by this time retreating, and the packetmen were driving them back along the mainboom by which they had come. At this moment, by some wrench of the vessels, the mainboom was unshipped, and ten of the retreating privateersmen fell into the sea. The rest were either killed or piked overboard. Not one regained the privateer.

The affair lasted only a few minutes, but the success was dearly bought. Just as the fight ended Captain Norway was struck in the body by a chain-shot, which cut him almost in two. Mr. Ure, the surgeon, a native of Glasgow, who saw the captain stagger, ran up to catch him, but as he received the body in his arms, his own head was shattered by a round shot, and the two men fell to the deck together. Two seamen were killed in this sharp encounter and four wounded.

When the captain fell, the command devolved on Mr. Watkins, the master. The privateer did not disengage herself on the failure of her assault, but sheered over on the larboard quarter of the Montagu, and prepared to board again in overwhelming numbers. The musketry fire from her tops was very galling, and to this the Montagu could make no effective reply, having no hands to spare for musket-practice. Indeed, her few men were dropping

fast. Mr. Watkins's left hand was shattered by a ball, and almost immediately afterwards he was shot through the body, and carried below, incapable of giving any further orders. The mate and the carpenter were both severely wounded, and the gunner had to be summoned from below to take command of the ship, Mr. Watkins calling out as he was carried below, a last order: "Fight the ship as long as you can stand."

When the gunner reached the deck he found the colors shot away, and at once rehoisted them. The pendant remained flying throughout the action. Seeing nearly half the crew killed or disabled, and the Americans preparing to board in great numbers, he judged it prudent to sink the mail. This was scarcely done before the enemy were upon them once more. There was another wild scuffle. Four only of the enemy set foot on the decks of the *Montagu*. One was killed as he touched them; two, one of whom was the first lieutenant of the privateer, were made prisoners. The fourth was recognized as a packetsman who had deserted at New York, and for such as he there was no quarter. In this fight the cook was killed, and the total number of casualties brought up to eighteen, out of a complement of thirty-two.

It is now necessary to turn to the *Lady Mary Pelham*, which vessel, it will be remembered, had been ordered by Captain Norway (as senior commander) to take up her station ahead of the *Montagu* on the starboard bow. From this position an easy manœuvre would have laid her also alongside the privateer.

At this crisis, however, the incompetence of her commander began to manifest itself. His orders betrayed so absolute an ignorance of the management of a ship in action that, after some precious minutes had been wasted, Mr. Carter and Mr. Pocock, the master and mate, jointly represented to him the propriety of deputing his command to Mr. Carter. They understood that he had accepted this proposal, but at the moment when the

seamanship of Mr. Carter was about to repair the follies of the commander, the helm was suddenly shifted, and the *Lady Mary Pelham* stood away from the fight.

Mr. Carter's first thought was that this was a piece of cowardice on the part of the steersman, and knowing only one punishment for such an action in presence of the enemy he ran towards him, drawing his pistol, when the man cried out, "Don't kill me, sir; it was the captain's order."

The proper position of the ship could not be regained until all the fighting was over. Then, when the danger was practically past, the *Lady Mary Pelham* intervened and maintained a cannonade for some time. The privateer was too much damaged to wish to face a fresh combatant, and sheered off soon after four o'clock, having never brought the *Lady Mary Pelham* to close action nor inflicted on her any but trifling damage. The acting-commander received a ball through his thigh, and one seaman was slightly hurt.

The circumstances of this action were of course very closely investigated, and a controversy arose out of them which was carried on with extraordinary rancor, and was eventually taken to the House of Commons itself. The acting-commander of the *Lady Mary Pelham* claimed to have acted with notable courage and discretion; but this claim was consistently rejected by the postmaster-general and by the lords of the treasury whose adverse opinion remained unshaken, and was expressed with considerable plainness. Upon Captain Norway's conduct the official verdict was to the effect that "his reputation stands too high to be assailed by anything that the partisans of Mr. — can say."

We may leave the packet captains at this point. The actions of 1814 and 1815 were no less glorious than those already described, and have been equally neglected. But the same observation could be made of the fights of earlier years, and they cannot all be mentioned in this place.

They were no child's play, the actions of these hardy Falmouth men, and history has no excuse for passing them by. They were fought by small numbers of our sailors, but usually against great numbers of the enemy. They were not sought by the packet officers, but when inevitable, were undertaken with no less high a spirit than if the enemy had been hunted from coast to coast till he turned to bay at last. They were in every way glorious to this country; and if this article should draw attention to the strange oblivion which has fallen on them, it will have achieved the writer's purpose.

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From Temple Bar.

THE LAST FIGHT IN ARMOR.<sup>1</sup>

THE constant attempts which are being made in our day to find protection for men against the deadly modern rifles lend interest to the account of what was probably the last appearance in the field of men in armor. In January, 1799, a party of some four hundred French held the town of Aquila, in the Abruzzo; a town defended by walls, and having a small, weak fort. Although the inhabitants of the town were well disposed towards the French, the peasantry, as in Spain, were most hostile, and when Championnet, with most of the French forces at Rome, had marched on Naples, they at once rose in insurrection, and attacked the party holding Aquila. On the 15th January the insurgents suddenly penetrated into the town, though they were soon driven out again; but in March they got parties into the town during the night, and drove the French into the fort. The bands of peasants united for the attack amounted to some ten or twelve thousand men; and, barricading the streets, and making loopholes in the walls of the houses, they soon made a line of defence which the French could not penetrate. On the other hand, work as the insurgents might, they had no artillery, and the

guns of the fort prevented any assault. Thus, secure behind their walls, the garrison remained for some time in quiet. On the glacis in front of the fort, and exposed to the fire of both sides, lay twelve iron guns on skidding, or pieces of wood, which the French had not had time to bring into the fort. Without carriages, they seemed safe, and the only precaution taken was to keep two of the guns of the fort, loaded with grape, laid on them during each night, with a gunner ready to fire on hearing the noise any attempt to move the pieces would occasion.

One night, the gunner on guard, hearing a noise near the guns, fired one of his pieces, but the sound continued. The officer of the artillery ran to the spot, and again fired; yet still the sound did not cease, though it seemed to get further off. Nothing could be done but to wait for daylight, and then it was seen that the insurgents had placed a capstan in a house near the guns, and then had led a rope from it to make fast to the breech and to the trunnions of one of the coveted guns on the glacis. Round went the capstan, and the gun obeyed the rope at first, but its breech, dragging along the ground without rollers under it, soon made a furrow which became so deep as to stop its movement after the insurgents had got it some ten paces nearer them. It was a clever trick, but done by a man not learned in artillery matters, for had the gun been arranged for parbuckling (*i.e.*, rolling) the work should have been easy enough. However, the French, looking anxiously over their parapets, were as much puzzled what to do as the besiegers.

First, they turned their guns on the house to which the rope passed, and when they had smashed its wall, they saw the capstan had been placed in a cellar, and that for the present at least the fallen wall made it useless. What next?

A great part of the life of an artillery officer is spent in making or in checking inventories of the stores in the magazines in his charge, a large proportion of which are generally obsolete

<sup>1</sup> An incident from the forthcoming work, "The Marshals of Napoleon," by Colonel Phipps.

oddities, most useful to some former generation whose wars have long ended, but becoming more and more formidable puzzles to succeeding military generations each year they lie in store. Boulart, the officer of artillery, ransacking his brains for the means of sending out men to spike the guns on the glacis, under the fire of the insurgents from the neighboring houses, suddenly remembered he had seen in his magazines some suits of plate armor, and he proposed to try whether, protected by them, men could not sally out and work in security under musketry fire. He got together twelve complete suits, and dressed out twelve gunners and grenadiers, thus selecting big men, be it remarked. At a certain hour the garrison lined the covered way, and from thence and from the fort opened a steady fire of musketry and of artillery on the lines of the insurgents. Then out marched the twelve knights of the eighteenth century, much in David's state of mind when he complained he had not proved his armor. The men carried handspikes, hammers, and spikes. Moving, naturally, slowly and awkwardly in their heavy steel mail, still they succeeded in completing their work under a hail of bullets from the insurgents.

The scene is described, as we can well believe, to have been most remarkable, and to have had something picturesque and also diabolical about it. As the mailed figures moved in silence amongst the guns, their handspikes looking like maces, their silence and the slowness of their action seemed unnatural under the steady hail of bullets. The insurgents were believed to have thought hell itself had sent forth these extraordinary antagonists, ghosts of a past age; while the French on the ramparts, true to their nature, the first moment of anxiety over, burst into roars of laughter.

Not only did the men succeed in spiking the guns, but they even went as far as the house where the capstan had been placed, cut the rope, and brought it into the fort. Then they returned in triumph, for though they had been struck many times, yet only one man had been wounded in his arm, and that because the piece of the armor, the brassart, which should have protected the limb, had been wrongly fastened and had fallen off. After this, the siege became a mere blockade until the 23rd March, when a relieving force arrived, and the insurgents, taken between them and the garrison, were driven off with heavy loss.

THOMAS A KEMPIS, Esq. — A letter addressed to Thomas à Kempis as a writer of to-day was received not long since in Paternoster Row. It did not come from spiritualist or dreamer, but from a Londoner who so thoroughly believed in the present mundane existence of the famous author as to be wishful to do business with him. A most interesting facsimile reproduction of the "De Imitatione," printed at Augsburg in 1471-2, had been issued by Mr. Elliot Stock, with an introduction by Canon Knox Little. A notice of this as one of the earliest books ever printed was cut from a daily newspaper and sent by one of the Press Cutting Agencies in good faith to Thomas à Kempis through the publisher,

with the form, "Please enter my name as a Subscriber to your Agency for Newspaper Cuttings relating to Myself, Books, etc.," and the following letter: —

London, March 21, 1894.

Dear Sir, — This agency supplies extracts on any subject from all newspapers published throughout the United Kingdom and the colonies.

May I send you all notices relating to the enclosed, or on any subject in which you may be interested?

Enclosed please find form of subscription, and awaiting an early reply,

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

T. A. Kempis, Esq.



